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New York
August 28th 1863

THE

CHURCH HARP:

OR LATEST COMPILATION OF

SACRED SONGS,

DESIGNED

FOR ALL DENOMINATIONS.

BY

WILLIAM HANBY.

Revised Edition.

DAYTON, O:
PRINTED AT CONFERENCE OFFICE OF THE UNITED BRETHREN IN CHRIST.

1861.

PREFACE.

THE entire sale of some forty thousand copies of the CHURCH HARP, is deemed a sufficient apology for presenting this revised edition to a generous public.

The former editions were deficient in Congregational Hymns. To meet this defect, and to enlarge the work, has been the object in revising it. The subjects are all arranged as before, and most of the old Hymns have been retained. A few excellent Hymns, adapted to public worship, have been added to each subject.

It is hoped this little work will be quite as acceptable as the former editions have been.

COMPILER.

CIRCLEVILLE, O.,
January, 1852.

H1220

SACRED SONGS.

REDEMPTION.

HYMN 1. P. M. 11's.

Christ in the Garden.

WHILE nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
The last beams of daylight shone dim in the west;
O'er fields, by the moonlight, my wandering feet
Then led me to muse in some lonely retreat.

2 While passing a garden, I paus'd then to hear
A voice, faint and plaintive, from one that was there:
The voice of the suff'rer affected my heart,
In agony pleading the poor sinner's part.

3 In off'ring to Heaven his pitying prayer,
He spoke of the torments the sinner must bear!
His life as a ransom he offered to give,
That sinners, redeemed, in glory might live

4 I listen'd a moment, then turn'd me to see
What man of compassion this stranger could be!
I saw him low kneeling upon the cold ground
The loveliest Being that ever was found.

5 His mantle was wet with the dews of the night
His locks by pale moonbeams were glist'ning and bright;
His eyes, bright as diamonds, to heaven were rais'd,
While angels, in wonder, stood round him amaz'd!

6 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom roll'd sweat, blood and tears!
I wept to behold him! I ask'd him his name!
He answer'd, "'Tis JESUS! from Heaven I came.

7 "I am thy Redeemer! For thee I must die!
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by!
Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me,
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee!"

8 I heard with deep sorrow the tale of his wo,
While tears like a fountain of water did flow!
The cause of his sorrows to hear him repeat,
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet!

9 I trembled with horror, and loudly did cry,
"Lord! save a poor sinner! O save, or I die!"
He smil'd when he saw me, and said to me,
"Live;
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive:"

10 How sweet was that moment he bade me rejoice!
His smile, O how pleasant! how cheering his voice!
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,
And shouted, "Salvation!" and "Glory to God!"

11 I'm now on my journey to mansions above!
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace and love!
I think of the garden, the prayer, and the tears
Of that loving Stranger, who banish'd my fears!

12 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When Gabriel, descending, the trumpet shall sound;
My soul then in raptures of glory shall rise,
To gaze on the Stranger with unclouded eyes.

HYMN 2. S. M.

Persuasive Tears of Christ.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?

Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from ev'ry eye!

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, oh my soul,
He shed those tears for thee!

3 He wept that we might weep!
Each sin demands a tear:
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there!

HYMN 3. P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

Soul's Physician and Balm of Gilead

HOW lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul;
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous pow'r to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within:
'Tis palsy, plague and fever,
And madness, all combined;

And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me;
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this "Great Physician,"
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And manag'd soon my case:
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had sealed,
Then bade me look unto him;
I look'd, and I was healed.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death!
Come, then, to this Physician;
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition:
'Tis only—LOOK and LIVE!

HYMN 4. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7.

Sacred Dialogue.

WHITHER goest thou, Pilgrim Stranger,
Wand'ring through this gloomy vale;
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.

No! I'm bound for the kingdom! Will you go to glory with me?
Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord!

2 "Pilgrim," thou dost justly call me,
Trav'ling through this lonely void;
But no ill shall e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a guide.
Oh, I'm bound for, &c.

3 Such a guide! No guide attends thee;
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian pow'r defends thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes!
Oh, I'm bound for, &c.

4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He'll in ev'ry strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.
For I'm bound for, &c.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly rolling through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
No! I'm bound for, &c.

6 No! that stream has nothing frightful;
To its brink my steps I bend:
Thence to plunge will be delightful:
There my pilgrimage will end.
For I'm bound for, &c.

7 While I gazed, with speed surprising,
Down the stream she plung'd from sight;
Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel clothed in light!

CHORUS.

Oh, she's gone to the kingdom! Will you follow her to glory?
Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord!

HYMN 5. P. M. 7, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 7.

Praising God for Salvation.

HEAD of the "Church Triumphant,"
We joyfully adore thee!
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory!
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,

And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher;
We clap our hands, exulting
In thy almighty favor;
The love divine that made us thine,
Can keep us thine forever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation,
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which thou wilt restore us—
The cross despise for that rich prize
Which thou hast set before us;
And if thou 'count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand, at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

HYMN 6. P. M. 5, 7, 5, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6.

The Voice of Free Grace.

THE voice of Free Grace
Cries, "Escape to the mountain!
For Adam's lost race
Christ has open'd a fountain;
For sin and transgression,
For ev'ry pollution,
His blood flows most freely,
As streams from the ocean!"

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who has purchased our pardon:
We'll praise him again
When we pass over Jordan!

2 That fountain so clear,
In which we find pardon,
From Jesus' side flows
In plenteous redemption;
Though your sins were increased
As high as a mountain,
His blood flows more freely!
Oh come to this fountain!

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 Bless'd Jesus! ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious:

O'er sin, death and hell,
  Thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised
  In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
  In ascribing salvation.
    Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand,
  Having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands,
  We will praise him evermore!
We'll range the blest fields
  On the banks of the river,
And sing "Hallelujahs!"
  Forever and ever!
    Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

HYMN 7. L. M.

The Mercy Seat.

FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
  From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the "Mercy Seat."

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought "Mercy Seat."

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common "Mercy Seat."

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no "Mercy Seat?"

5 There, there on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the "Mercy seat."

6 Oh let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the "Mercy Seat!"

HYMN 8. P. M. 8, 8, 11, 9.

Evening Walk to the Mountain, Calvary.

COME, oh my heart, and let us take
An evening walk becoming thee;
And whither dost thou choose we shall take our course,
To Calvary or Gethsemane?

2 Oh Calvary is a mountain high,
And quite too great a task for me;
And an evening's repose I would rather choose
Than Calvary or Gethsemane.

3 The mountain would not seem so high,
Nor yet so great a task for thee,
If thou didst love the "Man," who first laid the plan
Of climbing the mountain, Calvary.

4 What! leave my comp'ny all behind,
In youthful bloom, to go with thee?
There's time enough yet,—the journey's not so great:
I can soon climb the mountain, Calvary.

5 Your gay companions will not do:
Poor, blinded soul, couldst thou but see,
If e'er thou wouldst stand on Canaan's happy land,
Thou must first climb the mountain, Calvary.

6 I'd rather now live at my ease,
And go some other time with thee:
When blooming youth is gone, and old age comes on,
I will then go with thee to Calvary.

7 There is no better time than youth
To climb this mountain, you must see:
When youthful days are gone, and old age comes on,
How then canst thou climb up Calvary?

8 Oh, hark!—I hear a dreadful sound;
Awake! awake! thy danger see!

A blooming youth is gone, and laid in the [tomb,
Who refus'd to climb up Calvary.

9 Alas, I know not what to do,
A dreadful alarm hath seized me;
In sin I've gone on till I fear I'm undone:
How now can I climb up Calvary?

10 Oh tarry not in all the plains!
Eternal vengeance threatens thee;
But look to the man who was slain for thy sin,
And he'll help thee to climb up Calvary.

HYMN 9. P. M. 8 lines 8's.

School of Christ.

THERE is a school on earth begun,
Conducted by the Holy One;
He sets his students all to prove
The principle of perfect love.
Come, all my friends, where'er you be,
Say, will you go to school with me?
Christ Jesus is my master's name,
To-day, as yesterday, the same!

2 My Master learns the blind to see!
Come, all ye blind, the school is free;
My Master learns the lame to walk;
He likewise learns the dumb to talk!
He learns the swearing man to pray
Come, ye profane, without delay,

He'll change your tongues to praise his name,
And spread abroad my Master's fame.

3 My Master learns the deaf to hear;
Come, all ye deaf, and lend an ear
Unto my Master's pleasant voice—
He'll make your mourning souls rejoice.
The Scripture is our school-book true;
Its lessons are forever new;
The scholars all are well agreed
It is a blessed school, indeed.

4 Come, breth'ren dear, who are at school,
Attention pay to ev'ry rule;
And soon we'll learn that holy art
Of loving God with all our heart!
When these frail tenements must die,
Then we must lay our school-books by,
And reign with Master Jesus then!
Glory to God—Glory—Amen!

HYMN 10. P. M. 5, 5, 11, 5, 5, 11.

The Good Tidings.

THE trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad,
The language of Mercy, "Salvation through blood!"
Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel day.

CHORUS.

Oh Hallelujah!
Oh Hallelujah!
Oh Halle—Oh Halle—Oh Hallelujah!

2 Their anguish and smart,
And sorrow depart,
Who find this salvation inscrib'd on their heart:
True pleasures abound
In the rapturous sound,
And they that have found it, have Paradise found!
Oh Hallelujah, &c.

3 Our Jesus to know,
And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting—'tis heaven below:
This blessing be mine,
Through favor divine,
But oh, my Redeemer, the glory be thine!
Oh Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 11. C. M.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains;
And Satan binds our captive souls,
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
O help my unbelief.

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

HYMN 12. L. M.

ADAM descended from above!
Saviour and Head of all mankind;
The cov'nant of redeeming love,
In thee let every sinner find.

2 Our surety, thou alone hast paid
The debt we to thy Father ow'd;
For the whole world atonement made,
And seal'd the pardon with thy blood.

3 Thee, the Paternal Grace divine,
A universal blessing gave;
A Light, in every heart to shine;
A Saviour,—every soul to save.

4 Light of the Gentile world, appear,
Command the blind thy ways to see;
Our darkness chase, our sorrows cheer,
And set the plaintive pris'ner free.

5 Me, me, who still in darkness sit,
Shut up in sin and unbelief;
Deliver from this gloomy pit,
This dungeon of despairing grief.

6 Open mine eyes the Lamb to know,
Who bears the general sin away;
And to my ransom'd spirit show
The glories of eternal day.

INVITING AND ENCOURAGING.

HYMN 13. 7's

The Delaying Sinner Warned.

HASTE, oh sinner,—now be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if thou still despise,
Harder is it to be won!

2 Haste,—and mercy NOW implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, oh sinner,—NOW return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done!

4 Haste, oh sinner,—NOW be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

HYMN 14. L. M.

Journeying to Canaan.

"IS Canaan's land a happy place?"
Oh halle—hallelujah!
I hear him say who has no grace!
Oh halle—hallelujah!
Yes, sinner, yes,—it flows with bliss,
Oh halle—hallelujah!
With corn, and wine, and oil, and peace!
Oh halle—hallelujah!

CHORUS.

Go on—go on—ye may get there,
Oh halle—hallelujah!
By faith, and grace, and mighty pray'r!
Oh halle—hallelujah!

2 "Oh give me Canaan, or I die!"
I hear the weeping mourner cry!
Pray, mourner, pray, and soon in view
Sweet Canaan will appear to you.

Go on, go on, you may get there, &c.

3 "How far is it to Canaan's land?"
Exclaims the saint, with staff in hand;
Haste, Christian, then—your troubles o er,
You soon will shout on Canaan's shore.
Go on, go on, you may get there, &c.

4 "Sometimes I think I'll not get there!"
The Christian cries, in deep despair:
Hear, Christian, hear,—let this delight,
Christ says, you'll walk with him in white.
Go on, go on, you may get there, &c.

5 "Oh I have lost the Canaan road!"
Says one who wanders from the Lord;
Backslider, turn, and pardon get,
And you may go to Canaan yet.
Go on, go on, you may get there, &c.

6 "I like to hear of Canaan's land!"
Says one who's vex'd on every hand:
Hope, Christian, hope—the time is near
When Christ shall wipe your every tear.
Go on, go on, you may get there, &c.

7 "I hear sweet songs from Canaan's land!"
The Christian shouts, while death's at hand:
Shout, Christian, shout! on Canaan's shore
You soon shall live to die no more!
Go on, go on, you may get there, &c.

8 "And I will try to get there, too!"
Say brothers, sisters, not a few.

Here, brethren, here's my heart and hand
To shout with you in Canaan's land.
Go on, go on, you may get there, &c.

9 Amen! Amen!—Extol the Lamb,
Who from bright glory joyful came,
To save, and take us by the hand,
And lead us on to Canaan's land.
Go on, go on, you may get there, &c.

HYMN 15. 7's & 6's.

The Christian Soldier.

CHRIST is set on Zion's hill,
He receiveth sinners still:
Who will serve this blessed King?
Come, enlist, and with me sing:
I, his soldier, sure shall be
Happy in Eternity.

2 Zion's King my captain is—
Conquest I shall never miss;
Present pay I now receive—
Future happiness he'll give:
I, his soldier, sure shall be
Happy in Eternity.

3 What a captain I have got!
Is not mine a happy lot?
Therefore will I take the sword,
Fight for Jesus Christ my Lord:
I, his soldier, sure shall be
Happy in Eternity.

4 Brother soldier! still fight on,
Till the battle thou hast won;
The Great Captain we did choose
Never did a battle lose:
We, his soldiers, sure shall be
Happy in Eternity.

5 "Come, ye sinners—come, enlist!"
'Tis the voice of Jesus Christ;
Whosoever will, may come—
Jesus Christ refuseth none:
You, his soldier, sure shall be
Happy in Eternity.

6 Jesus is my Captain's name,
Now, as yesterday, the same;
In his name I notice give,
All who come he will receive:
You, his soldiers, then will be
Happy in Eternity.

7 Be persuaded, take his pay;
All your sins he'll wash away;
Now, in Jesus' name, believe
Future happiness he'll give:
Yes, in heaven, you sure shall be
Praising God eternally!

HYMN 16. L. M. John v. 7. *Thwaite.*

HOW long, thou faithful God, shall I
Here in thy ways forgotten lie?
When shall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me?

2 Sinners on every side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin;
But I, a helpless, sin-sick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.

3 Thou cov'nant angel, swift come down;
To-day, thine own appointments crown;
Thy pow'r into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.

4 Thou seest me lying at the pool—
I would, thou know'st—I would be whole;
Oh! let the troubled waters move,
And minister thy healing love.

HYMN 17. C. M. Psalm xxxvii. 4. *Rayland.*

O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in ev'ry trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 O that I had a stronger faith!
To look within the vail;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

4 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

5 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love and please thee more.

HYMN 18. S. M. John v. 2. *Newton.*

BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From time to time, my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move;
And others round are stepping in,
Their eff'cacy to prove.

3 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely, the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

4 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow.
To make a sinner whole.

5 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try:
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

6 No! he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

THE BIBLE.

HYMN 19. P. M. 12, 11, 12, 11. Double.

The Old-Fashioned Bible.

HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connections and innocent joy,
When blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies and peace from on high;

I still view the chairs of my sire and my mother!
The seats of their offspring, as rang'd on each hand,
And that richest of books, which excelled every other,
The Family Bible which lay on the stand:
The "Old-Fashion'd Bible," the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

2 The Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight,
And the pray'r of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day, and for safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling,
All warm from the hearts of the family band,
Half rais'd us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Describ'd in the Bible that lay on the stand!
The "Old-Fashion'd Bible," the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible which lay on the stand!

3 Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted!
My hope's almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,

And wander, unknown, on a far-distant shore!
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand!
Oh let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand!
The "Old-Fashion'd Bible," the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand!

4 Blessed Bible! the light and the guide of the stranger,
With thee I seem circled by parents and friends;
Thy kind admonitions shall guide me from danger:
On thee my last lingering hope then depends.
Hope wakens to vigor, and rises to glory!
I'll hasten and flee to the bright promis'd land,
And for refuge lay hold on the hope set before me,
Reveal'd in the Bible that lay on the stand:
The "Old-Fashion'd Bible," the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand!

5 Hail thou, the brightest and best of the morning!
Star that hath guided my parents safe home,
The beams of thy glory my pathway adorning,
Shall scatter the darkness, and brighten my gloom.

As wandering sages, to worship the stranger,
Did hasten with rapture to Canaan's fair land,
I'll bow to adore him, but not at the manger:
He's seen in the Bible that lay on the stand;
The "Old-Fashion'd Bible," the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand!

6 Should age and misfortunes press hard on my feelings,
I'll flee to the Bible, and trust in the Lord:
Though darkness should cover his merciful dealings,
My soul is still cheered by the heavenly word;
And now, from things earthly my soul is removing,
I soon shall shout glory with heaven's bright band,
And in rapture of joy be forever adoring
The God of the Bible that lay on the stand:
The "Old-Fashion'd Bible," the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand!

HYMN 20. 7's.

The Holy Bible.

HOLY Bible, book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine to light me on the road;
Mine to bring me safe to God.

2 Let that light be always near,
Me to guide and me to cheer;
That, though men, and earth, and hell,
Shall conspire, all may be well.

3 Thou hast lighted many through,
Been their sword and compass, too.—
Now they shout on Zion's hill,
"Hallelujah! all is well!"

4 So, blest volume, be to me,
Though I much have slighted thee;
Yet instruct me still—until,
Safe in heaven, all is well.

5 Then, although the way was dark—
Almost gone, oft-times, my bark;
Yet rejoicing, there I'll tell.
Through my Bible, all is well.

6 Then, while endless ages roll,
And fresh glory swells the soul
O how blest to feel and tell,
'Twas my Bible—all is well.

HYMN 21. C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 22. C. M.

LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book:
Great God! if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave,
Could shew one sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave:
But thine conduct to heav'n.

3 Lord, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage:
There shall my noblest powers rejoice
My warmest thoughts engage.

4 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through thy promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

5 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

PRAYER AND INTERCESSION.

HYMN 23. P. M. 11, 11, 11, 11, 5, 11.

The Altar of Prayer.

ONCE happy in Eden's primeval abode,
Encircled with pleasure, in favor with God,

Man worship'd as angels in innocence there.
Nor needed to bow at the altar of prayer!
Pray'r, pray'r; sweet, sweet prayer!
In Eden man needed no altar of prayer

2 But since by transgression that Eden was lost,
God's favor was forfeited—happiness crossed;
The child of mortality, misery's heir,
Man now stands in need of an altar of prayer
Pray'r, pray'r; sweet, sweet prayer!
Poor man stands in need of an altar of prayer.

3 Sweet mercy beheld us in ruin involved,
And swift to our rescue to come she resolved;
Her pathway of light broke the gloom of despair!
And here she erected an altar of prayer:
Pray'r, pray'r; sweet, sweet prayer!
For man she erected an altar of prayer.

4 But Justice required that the sinner should die,
Unless an atonement could Mercy supply;
From guilt to redeem, and the breach to repair,
And which might avail at the altar of prayer:
Pray'r, pray'r; sweet, sweet prayer!
A plea to avail at the altar of prayer.

5 The Son of the blessed in pity was mov'd,
His life to lay down for the world that he lov'd,
Incarnate, our sins in his body to bear,
And give us access to the altar of prayer:

Pray'r, pray'r; sweet, sweet prayer!
We now have access to the altar of prayer.

6 He died for our sins, but he rose from the dead,
Ascended on high for us sinners to plead,
At the Father's right hand, as an advocate there,
That we may prevail at the altar of prayer:
Pray'r, pray'r; sweet, sweet prayer!
Through him we prevail at the altar of prayer.

7 For we to the Father are now reconciled:
The Spirit bears witness that each is his child,
Our strength to renew, every trial to bear,
And comfort our hearts at the altar of prayer:
Pray'r, pray'r; sweet, sweet prayer!
And comfort our hearts at the altar of prayer.

8 Then let us come boldly, and mercy implore
Our Jesus will pardon, our Eden restore,
Till sanctified wholly, his image we bear,
For glory made meet at the altar of prayer:
Pray'r, pray'r; sweet, sweet prayer!
There's no place on earth like the altar of prayer.

[REV. J. G. WILSON.

HYMN 24. 7's.

Prayer of the Mourner

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself hath bid thee pray:
Rise and ask without delay.

2 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy sov'reign right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew:
Let me live a life of faith!
Let me die thy people's death!

HYMN 25. L. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
To thy great name be rev'rence given.
Thy peaceful kingdom wide extend,
And reign, O, Lord, till time shall end.

2 Thy sacred will on earth be done,
As 'tis by angels round thy throne;

And let us every day be fed
With earthly, and with heav'nly bread.

3 Our sins forgive, and teach us thus
To pardon those who injure us:
Our shield in all temptation prove,
And every evil far remove.

4 Thine is the kingdom to control,
And thine the power to save the soul;
Great be the glory of thy reign:
Let every creature say, "Amen!"

HYMN 26. C. M.

Sung previous to Sermon.

ALMIGHTY God! in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away:
We ask not pleasure, pomp and pow'r,
Lest we should go astray!

4 We ask for wisdom,—oh impart
The knowledge how to live:

A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

HYMN 27. C. M.

Sung after Sermon.

ALMIGHTY God! thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground:
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.

4 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy!
But let it yield a hundred-fold
Of light, of peace, and joy.

HYMN 28. P. M. 11, 11, 11, 11, 5, 11.

The Raptures of Prayer.

WHEN torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like
pray'r:

It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet restrains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.
Pray'r, pray'r—oh sweet pray'r!
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like pray'r

2 When far from the friends we hold dearest, we part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart!
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there,
And memory rejoices in language of pray'r.
Pray'r, pray'r—oh sweet pray'r.
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like pray'r

3 When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,
The syren sings sweetly, or silently charms;
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the snare:
On looking to Jesus, we conquer by pray'r.
Pray'r, pray'r—oh sweet pray'r!
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like pray'r.

4 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss—
Heaven pours its full streams through no medium but this;
And till we the seraphs' full ecstacy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by pray'r
Pray'r, pray'r—oh sweet pray'r!
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like pray'r

[MISS ANN LUTTON.

HYMN 29. C. M.

Remember Me.

OH Thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Oh Lord, remember me!

CHORUS.

Remember me! remember me!
Good Lord! remember me!
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
And then remember me!

2 Remember, Lord, the mourning soul!
Oh soothe my agony;
Now, now away my burden roll—
Remember Calvary!

Remember me, remember me, &c.

3 While with a broken, contrite heart,
I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thy name proclaim, thyself impart—
In love, remember me!

Remember me, remember me, &c

4 And when I tread the vale of death,
And bow at thy decree,
Then, Saviour, with my latest breath,
I'll cry, "Remember me!"

Remember me, remember me, &c.

HYMN 30. P. M. 7's.

"Look to Jesus."

"LOOK to Jesus!" See, he stands
Holding forth his bleeding hands
Saying, "Come to me for rest,
And be sav'd among the blest!"

2 "Look to Jesus!" Sinner, come!
Without Christ, behold your doom:
Present pain and endless hell!
Come, and all may yet be well!

3 "Look to Jesus!" Mourner, hear
Mercy whisp'ring in your ear:
"Though your sins as scarlet be
I can cleanse, and set you free."

4 "Look to Jesus!" weeping one!
Hope, for thou art not undone:
Those are blest who shed such tears
He will hush thy doubts and fears.

5 "Look to Jesus!" Christian, look!
Thy dear name is in his book;
Read it there, and with delight,
Humbly seek perfection's height.

6 "Look to Jesus!" Joy in life,
Cure for sin, and end of strife;
Life in death, and endless bliss
Where the blessed Saviour is!

[R. E. H. LEVERING

HYMN 31. L. M. 6 lines.

Wrestling Jacob.

COME, O thou traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name—
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the man that died for me?—
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolv'd I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go
Till I thy name, thy nature know

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain
And murmur, to contend so long,
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then am I strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail!

HYMN 32. S. M.

Prayer for a Revival.

COMFORT thy people, Lord!
Give hope for gloomy care;
Fulfill the promise of thy word,
To be where Christians are.

2 Oh send thy Spirit down!
Let fervent prayer arise;
We would adore thee as we own
A blessing from the skies.

3 The sluggish soul inspire
With thy reviving voice!
Impart the Pentecostal fire,
And let thy saints rejoice.

4 Alarm, convict, convert,
By arrows dipp'd in blood:
The measures of the foe subvert,
And show that thou art God!

5 Let souls, untouch'd before
Aloud for mercy cry,
And happy souls rejoice the more
Thy work, revived, to see!

6 Let Zion, conquering, sing—
In new-born honors shine;
Her trophies to the Saviour bring,
Obtain'd through grace divine!

[R. E. H. LEVERING

HYMN 33. L. M.

Revival Hoped and Prayed for.

WHILE I to grief my heart gave way
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
"Dismiss thy fears,—the ark is mine!

2 "Though for a time I hide my face,
Rely upon my love and pow'r:
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

3 "Take down the long-neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears, and heard thy pray'r;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

4 Lord, I obey! my hopes revive!
Come join with me, ye saints, and sing!
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help, and triumph bring!

HYMN 34. P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

Consecration.

I SAW an altar reared for prayer,
And longed to make an offering there.

A living sacrifice:
But Satan came, and showed me gold—
Of pleasures, fame, and honors told,
And bid me these to prize.

2 I turned disgusted from them all,
And listened to the Spirit's call,
Who bade me offer now!
By faith his cleansing power to claim,
By faith alone in Jesus' name,
To God the Father bow!

3 In agonizing pray'r I groan'd,
My wants and helplessness I owned,
But still found no relief;
At last despairingly I cried,
Cleanse, Lord, for thou for me hast died,
For me of sinners chief!

4 As was my faith, so was I blest,
With perfect love and perfect rest,
For all within was pure;
In and around me all was God!
On the "highway thrown up," I trod,
And every step was sure!

5 Now sweetly roll my hours away,
'Tis heav'n by night and bliss by day
A Sabbath all the seven;
Tempted and tried, yet always free,
For in my heart the sacred Three
Create a constant heaven.

5 Come, every feeble, doubting soul,
Let unbelief no more control,
But break its cruel chain;
Be strong, be bold—by conquering grace,
Each heart may be the sacred place
Where God shall live and reign!

REV A. WALTON.

HYMN 35.

To "the Rock that is higher than I."

WHEN my soul is distressed and my comforts are flown,
To my Saviour I'll go, and my sorrows make known:
In secret devotion to him will I cry,
Lead me to "the Rock that is higher than I."

2 Though my friends may forsake me, and foes all unite
To hedge up my pathway and fears to excite;
On the strength of Jehovah I'll firmly rely,
Still screened by "the Rock that is higher than I."

3 Should sickness o'ertake me and pain be severe,
And none be about me my spirit to cheer;
I'll hang on my Saviour until I shall die,
Sustained by "the Rock that is higher than I."

4 And when I have finished my labor and care,
Bright angels my soul on their pinions shall bear,
To my home in the kingdom of glory on high,
To dwell by "the Rock that is higher than I."

[W. L. D.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

HYMN 36. P. M. 7, 7, 7, 5, 7, 7, 7, 5.

Song of the Christian Soldier.

SOLDIER of the Cross, arise!
Lo, before our longing eyes,
Canaan's happy landscape lies,
Fill'd with joys unknown.
What, though rugged is the road,
'Tis the way the Saviour trod,
And the cheering voice of God
Calls us to his throne.

2 Who will now a traitor prove?
Who forget the Saviour's love?
Who will slight the joys above,
And that heav'nly home?
See that holy, happy band,
On the heights of Zion stand,
Vict'ry's palms in every hand,—
Hark! they bid us come.

3 Though between us and the goal
Jordan's water's darkly roll,
And affright the tim'rous soul,
We will never fear;
But will onward urge our way,
And our Leader's voice obey,
Till on Zion's hill one day
We shall all appear.

[C. R. R.

HYMN 37. P. M. 7, 7, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.

SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise!
Lo! your Leader, from the skies,
Waves before you glory's prize—
The prize of victory!
Seize your armor! gird it on!
Fight until the battle's won!
Soon the conflict will be done!
Then struggle manfully!

2 Jesus conquer'd when he fell;
Met and vanquished earth and hell!
Now he leads you on to swell
The triumphs of the Cross!
Though your enemies appear,
Who can doubt or who can fear?
God, our strength and shield, is near
We cannot lose our cause!

3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God.
Jesus points the victor's rod,
Follow where your Leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
Crowns of glory you shall gain:
Soon you'll join that glorious train
Who shout their Saviour's praise

HYMN 38. 8's & 7's.

The Cross-bearing Christian.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me—
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And whilst thou shall smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come disaster, scorn and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have call'd thee Abba, Father:
I have set my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee—
Child of heav'n, canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and wing'd by pray'r;
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days:
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HYMN 39.

Give me Jesus.

WHILE wandering to and fro,
In this wide world of wo,
Where streams of sorrow flow:

CHORUS.

Give me Jesus—give me Jesus;
Give me Jesus;
You may have all this world—
Give me Jesus!

2 When tears o'erflow mine eye,
When pressed by grief I sigh;
Still this shall be my cry,
Give me Jesus, &c.

3 When to the mercy seat
I go my Lord to meet,
My heart shall still repeat,
Give me Jesus, &c.

4 And when my faith is tried,
In him will I confide,
And all the storms outride—
Give me Jesus, &c.

5 Though strength and friends should fail,
And foes my soul assail,
Through him I shall prevail—
Give me Jesus, &c.

6 And when my toils are o'er,
When nearing Jordan's shore,
I'll shout, as up I soar,
Give me Jesus, &c.

7 When at the judgment seat,
I stand at Jesus' feet,
When worlds on worlds shall meet,
Give me Jesus, &c.

8 When heaven and earth shall flee,
When time shall cease to be,
Through all eternity,
Give me Jesus, &c.

HYMN 40. P. M.

O THAT I had some secret place,
Where I might hide my sorrow
Where I might see my Saviour's face,
And thus be saved from terror!
O had I wings, like Noah's dove,
I'd leave this world and Satan;
I'd fly to heaven on wings of love,
Where Jesus stands inviting.

2 I have my bitter and my sweet,
While through this world I travel;
I sometimes shout, and sometimes weep,
Which makes my foes to marvel!
But let them think, and think again,
I feel I'm bound for heaven;
I hope I shall with Jesus reign,
And therefore I will serve him.

3 I'm ofttimes made to weep and mourn,
Because I'm faint and feeble,
And when my Saviour hides his face,
My soul is filled with trouble;
But when he doth again return,
And I lament my folly,
Then I do after glory run,
And still my Jesus follow.

4 I want to live a Christian here,
I want to die a shouting;
I want to feel my Saviour near,
When soul and body's parting!
I want to see bright angels stand,
And ready to receive me,
To bear my soul to Canaan's land,
Where Christ has gone before me.

5 I hope to meet my brethren there,
With all my faithful sisters;
When Jesus smiles, our souls appear—
E'en now, methinks, he whispers—

Come and join the saints above,
Who sing free grace and dying love,
And range the countless fields of love,
Where glory's ever beaming.

HYMN 41. C. M.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 42. S. M.

EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my every thought,
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrough'
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee!
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and temper'd zeal
Let me enforce the call,
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee!
In all thy footsteps tread!
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

6 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove!
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

REJOICING AND PRAISE.

HYMN 43. 7's & 6's.

The Rejoicing Christian.

I WISH to tell the story
Of bleeding, dying love,
On earth, and then in glory
With my dear friends above.
My soul is fill'd with gladness!
Christ roll'd my guilt away;
He banish'd all my sadness,
And turn'd my night to day!

2 I grop'd along in blindness,
And nearly lost in wo;
He op'd my eyes in kindness,
My lost estate to show.
He said he was my Saviour,
And lov'd me long before—
I thank'd him for his goodness,
And found he lov'd me more!

3 My harp, which on the willow
For years had idly hung,
I smote, to sound his praises,
In sweetest, newest song.

I keep that harp still ready
To chase all grief away,
And will prolong its music
Where shines an endless day!

4 I stand prepared for trials,
In his own strength array'd—
A balm for deepest trouble,
A light for darkest shade.
I feel in deep affliction
His presence ever nigh,
And know my soul shall triumph,
Although the body die.

5 I feel, when joy is brightest,
His humbling grace is mine;
The inmost soul exulting
With hope of life divine.
I have the pleasing prospect,
In weal and wo, to find
The blessed Saviour near me,
Forever good and kind.

6 Oh, I will try forever
To glorify his name,
With all the ransom'd millions
Who feel a kindred flame!
In glory we will mingle,
On lovely pinions fly,
An endless flight of seraphs,
Rejoicing through the sky!

[R. E. H. LEVERING

HYMN 44. Double. 8, 7, 8, 7.

HE hath lov'd us! blessed Jesus!
Mortal love is not like thine!
When false friends in sorrow leave us,
Then thy help is most divine:
Then thy pity e'er is waiting
To upraise the sinking mind,
All the heart with joy elating,
When the foe is most unkind!

2 He hath lov'd us! comfort bringing,
Jesus left the azure sky,
With unnumber'd angels singing,
For the lost to weep and die.
Tears he wept—but he, in sighing,
Chas'd our heavy gloom away;
Life he proffer'd, but in dying
Gave us life and endless day!

3 He doth love us! ever willing,
Still he hears our plaintive cry,
Hope of future bliss instilling,
As to sin, we daily die.
He will love us! in bright glory
We shall see him face to face,
Hear him tell the pleasing story,
While we sing "Redeeming Grace!"

[R. E. H. LEVERING.

HYMN 45. P. M. 5, 5, 11, 5, 5, 11.

Song of the New-born Soul.

I KNOW that the Lamb,
From glory, who came
To save my poor soul, is forever the same!
Since others he blest,
Their sins who confest,
I thought by confessing to find the same rest

CHORUS.

Sing hallelujah!
Sing hallelujah!
Sing halle—Oh halle—Oh hallelujah!

2 Obeying the word,
I came to the Lord,
Confessing my heart was both sinful and hard
He heard when I cried—
Since Jesus has died,
The need of the sinner is gladly supplied!

3 That great is his love,
In price far above
The gold of all Ophir, the vilest may prove!
I ask not in vain,
For when I complain
He blesses, and says he will bless me again!

4 I leave all behind
For a Saviour so kind,
Whose blessings extend both to body and mind.
I find a repose
The world never knows,
A peace, like a river, that swells as it flows.

5 Let infidels blame,
Say, "Heaven's a name,"
And millions in glory are only a dream.—
I feel the pure fire
That bids me aspire
To strike with those millions the heavenly lyre!

6 The promise is nigh,
As daily I die,
And long for the time when all sighing shall fly!
I soon shall be free
Those glories to see,
And with my dear Saviour forever to be!

[R. E. H. LEVERING.

HYMN 46. L. M.

THIS day our souls have caught new fire,
Oh halle—hallelujah!
We feel that heav'n is drawing nigher,
Oh halle—hallelujah!

We long to quit this cumbrous clay,
Oh halle—hallelujah!
And shout with Christ in endless day,
Oh halle—hallelujah!

CHORUS.

Pray on, pray on—we are gaining ground,
Oh halle—hallelujah!
The power of God is coming down,
Oh halle—hallelujah!

2 When Christians pray the devil runs,
And leaves the field to Zion's sons;
One single saint can put to flight
A thousand blust'ring sons of night.
Pray on, pray on, &c.

3 Ye little Samsons, up and fight,
Put the Philistian host to flight;
The troops of hell are marching round,
But Zion's sons are gaining ground.
Pray on, pray on, &c.

4 Their hottest fire is now begun;
Come, stand the flame till it is won;
Some souls are wounded, others fell—
Our Lord is saving souls from hell.
Pray on, pray on, &c.

5 When Israel came to Jericho,
Began to pray, to shout and blow,

The tow'ring walls came tumbling down,
Like thunder, flat upon the ground.
Pray on, pray on, &c.

6 See Gideon marching out to fight,
And had no weapon but his light!
He took his pitcher and his lamp,
And storm'd with ease the Midian camp.
Pray on, pray on, &c.

7 The Hebrews, in the dreadful flame,
Found Zion's King was still the same;
Young David's weapon was but dull,
Yet broke Goliah's brazen skull.
Pray on, pray on, &c.

8 Saint Paul and Silas, bound in jail,
Would sing and pray in spite of hell;
They make the prison loudly ring,
Although opposed by hell's dark King.
Pray on, pray on, &c.

9 The devil soon will shout his last:
Our fighting then will all be past,
And we shall lay our armor by,
And sing with angels through the sky.
Pray on, pray on, &c.

10 Our God, who conquers death and sin,
Will smile and say, "My saints, come in!

You've fought through many battles sore,
But now you'll reign forevermore!"
Pray on, pray on, &c.

11 "Come, wear these crowns, and let your tongues
Sing Gabriel's new, eternal songs:
You now are free from death and pain;
Come, shout through Salem's peaceful plains."
Pray on, pray on, &c.

12 All glory, glory to the Lamb:
Throughout my soul I feel the flame:
Oh had I wings like Noah's dove,
I soon would shout with those above.
Pray on, pray on, &c.

HYMN 47. P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7.

A Glance into the Third Heaven.

BURST, ye em'rald gates, and bring
To my raptur'd vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes;
Break, ye intervening skies:
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of Paradise!

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him:
Trumps angelic sound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing the theme!

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise
From their princely station,
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the "Great Salvation!"
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
"Glory be to God alone,
Holy, holy, HOLY ONE!"

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we, too, the holy lays:
"JESUS—JESUS—JESUS!"
Sweetest sound in seraph's song!
Sweetest note on mortal tongue!
Sweetest carol ever sung!
Jesus—Jesus, flow along!

HYMN 48. P. M. 10, 6, 10, 3 . 8, 8, 6.

God is Love.

WHAT sound is this? A song through heaven resounding,
"God is love! God is love!"
And now from earth I hear the song rebounding,
"God is love! God is love!"
Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim,
"Love is his nature—Love his name!"
My soul in rapture cries the same:
"God is love! God is love!"

2 This song repeat—repeat, ye saints, in glory!
"God is love! God is love!"
And saints on earth shout back the pleasing story,
"God is love! God is love!"
In this let heav'n and earth agree,
To sound his love, both full and free,
And let the theme forever be,
"God is love! God is love!"

3 Creation speaks, with thousand tongues proclaiming,
"God is love! God is love!"
And Providence unites her voice, exclaiming,
"God is love! God is love!"
But let the burden'd sinner hear
The Gospel, sounding loud and clear,

To ev'ry soul, both far and near,
"God is love! God is love!"

4 This "heav'nly love" all round is sweetly flowing,
"God is love! God is love!"
And in my heart the sacred fire is glowing,
"God is love! God is love!"
That "God is love," I know full well,
And had I pow'r his love to tell,
With loudest notes my song should swell,
"God is love! God is love!"

5 The love of God is now my greatest pleasure,
"God is love! God is love!"
And while I live I ask no greater treasure,
"God is love! God is love!"
This theme shall be my song below;
And when to glory I shall go,
This strain eternally shall flow,
"God is love! God is love!"

HYMN 49. S. M.

Kindness of the Heavenly Shepherd.

THE Lord my shepherd is!
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear: [shade
Though I should walk through death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise!

[ISAAC WATTS.

HYMN 50. L. M.

The Saviour's Loving-Kindness.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, O how free!

CHORUS.

His loving-kindness, loving-kindness—
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all:
He sav'd me from my lost estate.
His loving-kindness, O how great.
His loving-kindness, &c.

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O how strong.
His loving-kindness, &c.

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O how good.
His loving-kindness, &c.

5 Although I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
And though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.
His loving-kindness, &c.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.
His loving-kindness, &c.

7 Then let me mount, and soar away
To brighter worlds of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.
His loving-kindness, &c.

HYMN 51. P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7

Superiority of Christ.

SWEETEST are the joys that spring
From the blessed Jesus—
Sweeter far than earth can bring.
Only to deceive us!
Lovely as the blushing morn,
Earth has beauties with a thorn:
Transient as the cloud and dew,
Not like Christ's, forever new!

2 Sweeter than earth's music his,
With redemption's story,
Bursting from its notes of bliss,
Tones of endless glory!
Angels catch the flying strain,
Send it back to earth again,
Sounding o'er the land and sea,
"Come, O sinner, come to me!"

3 Sweetest 's the heav'nly love
That removes our blindness;
Unlike earth's, it cannot rove—
Full, unmeasur'd kindness!

Ever burning with desire,
It awakes a kindred fire,
Joining Christ to souls undone,
Everlastingly as one!

4 Sighing soul, 'tis well you say
"Earth is but a vision,
Forging chains for those who stay
Gladly in its prison!"
Pris'ner now no more in pain,
Throw away your galling chain!
Thy deliv'rer smiles on thee!
As his love, thy soul is free!

5 Ransom'd spirit! earth no more
With its follies luring,
While his glories on thee pour—
Christ, thy soul assuring,
Leads and points thee to the land
Where his heav'nly mansions stand,
Marking that prepar'd for thee
Through a blest eternity!

[R. E. H. LEVERING.

HYMN 52. 2 12's & 2 9's.

COME away to the skies—my beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born:
On this festival day, come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love and our treasur
above,
Though our bodies continue below:
The redeem'd of our Lord, we remember h
word,
And with singing to Paradise go.

3 With singing we praise the original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd;
Our being receive from his bounty, and live
To the honor and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine:
Created again, that our souls may remain,
In time and eternity, thine.

5 With thanks we approve the design of thy
love,
Which hath join'd us in Jesus' name;
So united in heart, that we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, there at his feet, we shall suddenly
meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We shall sing to our lyres with the heavenly
choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we sing, to our Father and King
And his rapturous praises repeat;

To the Lamb that was slain, hallelujah again,
Sing, all heaven, and fall at his feet!

8 In assurance of hope, we to Jesus look up
Till the banner, unfurl'd in the air,
From our graves we shall see, and cry out,
"It is he!"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

HYMN 53. P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst—I faint—I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger this love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light,
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could forever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

5 O that I could, with favor'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast:
From care and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest!

HYMN 54. C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away!

3 Dear, dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd sons of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

HYMN 55.

The Eden of Love.

HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;
Encircled with light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of love.

2 While angelic legions with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise;

Their songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through
heaven;
My soul shall respond, "To Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might, all dominion,"
Who brought us through grace to the Eden
of love.

3 Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of
glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,
And join your full choir in rehearsing the
story,
Salvation from sorrow through Jesus' love;
Though prisoned in clay, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me, when freed from pro-
bation;—
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

HYMN 56.

"*Joyfully—Joyfully.*"

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

2 Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go:
Pilgrim and stranger, no more shall I roam—
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

3 Friends I have there, who have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching that shore,
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear:
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

5 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb—
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.

6 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

[W. H.

HYMN 57. L. M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball?
What tho' no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine—
The hand that made us is divine.

BAPTISM.

HYMN 58. L. M

For Baptism by Immersion.

ETERNAL Spirit, heav'nly dove,
On these baptismal waters move,
That we, through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

2 We to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe:
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

3 A double baptism he display'd,
Ere all the mighty debt was paid:
He was immers'd in Jordan's flood,
And then baptiz'd in sweat and blood!

4 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not invite, and be denied;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And sweetly they invite us through.

5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name
Receive us rising from the stream:
Then to thy table let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home!

HYMN 59. C. M.

For Baptism by Pouring or Sprinkling.

BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace.

2 "Forbid them not!" is his command:
Then why should men resist?
Our children now may be baptiz'd,
The church with such be blest.

3 With flowing tears and thankful hearts
We bring them, Lord, to thee;
Receive them, Jesus, to thine arms;
Thine may they ever be.

4 Thine may they be—forever thine—
Thy ransom'd, purchas'd seed;
Oh let this seal of sprinkling,* now,
Be own'd of thee indeed.

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* Or the word "POURING" may be substituted—wishin to avoid sectarianism in the compilation of this work.

CAMP-MEETING.

HYMN 60. P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

Used at Commencement, and during Progress of Camp-Meeting.

SHOUT, for the Lord is in the camp!
Ye Christians, rise, and trim your lamp,
To meet him from above!
The Lord, our king, has left his throne,
And come to claim us as his own,
Himself our friend to prove.

2 Ye faithful servants of the King,
Rejoice, and joyful anthems sing,
And speak his praise abroad:
While angels strike anew their lyre,
And evermore extol him high'r,
Their Maker and their God.

3 Ye heralds, chosen of the Lord,
To preach his everlasting word,
And warn the world of sin:
Arise, and let your trumpets sound
Urge ev'ry sinner on the ground
The Saviour soon to win.

4 And thou, oh sinner, hearken thou!
Jesus, thy Lord, is waiting now
To purify thy soul;
Fly to his arms! he ready stands,
With willing heart and outstretch'd hands,
To wash and make thee whole.

5 Think how he groan'd and died for thee,
And offers NOW, salvation free
To Adam's fallen race:
Remember! NOW thou hast a call;
Now at the feet of Jesus fall,
And plead his pard'ning grace.

6 Shout, then, ye children of our God!
Shout, as ye walk the narrow road
That leads direct to heav'n;
Shout, that to earth's remotest shore
The saints of God may shout it o'er—
"Your sins are all forgiv'n!"

HYMN 61. P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

Sung in Closing Camp-Meetings.

WE'VE sung and pray'd together,
And heard the trumpet sound
The gospel of our Jesus
Upon this hallow'd ground.
We've sung and pray'd together,
That sinners might be found,

While here we are assembled
'Mid sweet creation round.

2 We've sung and pray'd together,
And God was pleas'd to hear
The pray'rs of all his children,
Who him do love and fear.
We've sung and pray'd together,
That Jesus us might bless,
And help the mourning sinner
From out his deep distress.

3 We've sung and pray'd together,
That Adam's fallen race
Might hasten to the fountain
That floweth with free grace.
We've sung and pray'd together,
For blessings from above,
And God was pleas'd to send them,
And thus increas'd our love.

4 We've sung and pray'd together,
For Satan's kingdom's fall,
And that our God's might flourish
Upon this earthly ball.
We've sung and pray'd together,
Our prayers went to the skies,
And angels shouted "Glory!"
On hearing mourners' cries.

5 We've sung and pray'd together
And made our vows in heart,

That in God's ways we'll travel,
And ne'er from them depart!
We've sung and pray'd together,
But now, ah now, we part:
Our hands we give each other,
But God shall have the heart.

6 Then, farewell—farewell, brothers,
And sisters, fare you well;
In heav'n again assembled,
Of Jesus' love we'll tell!
Farewell, perhaps forever,
On earth to meet no more;
Serve God, and we together
Shall meet on Canaan's shore.

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

HYMN 62. C. M.

The Blissful Hope of Heaven.

HAIL sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one!
Hail sacred HOPE, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine!

CHORUS.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has giv'n,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heav'n.
We all shall meet in heav'n, at last—
We all shall meet in heav'n;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heav'n.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around my cot,—
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot:
It is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.

3 From Burmah's shore, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,

From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again!
It is the hope, the blissful hope, &c

4 No ling'ring look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows:
There pleasure beams from ev'ry eye,
And hope immortal grows!
It is the hope, the blissful hope, &c

HYMN 63. L. M.

Striving for Sweet Canaan.

I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Who lives by angels now ador'd—
That Jesus who once died for me,
Who bore my sins in agony.

CHORUS.

Sweet Canaan, sweet Canaan,
I'm bound for the land of Canaan;
Canaan, it is my happy home—
I'm bound for the land of Canaan

2 I'm not asham'd to own his laws,
Nor to defend his noble cause;
The way he's gone is mark'd with blood—
Oh may I tread the steps he trod.
Sweet Canaan, sweet Canaan, &c

3 I'm not asham'd his name to bear,
With those who his disciples are;
Christian! sweet name! its worth I view,
O may I wear its nature, too.

4 I'm not asham'd to bear my cross,
For which I count all things as dross;
Whate'er I'm bid to do or say,
If Christ command, I will obey.

5 I'm not asham'd to be despis'd,
By those who ne'er religion priz'd;
Nor will I prove to Christ untrue,
For all that men can say or do.

6 This world's vain honors I will shun,
The narrow way of life to run,
That this at last my boast may be,
The Saviour's not asham'd of me!

HYMN 64. L. M.

The Christian going Home.

FAREWELL vain world, I'm going home;
Prepare me Lord, to go:
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;
Prepare me, Lord, to go:
Bright angels beckon me away;
Prepare me, Lord, to go:
To sing God's praise in endless day;
Prepare me, Lord, to go.

CHORUS.

And oh, dear Jesus, oh how long
Have I on earth to stay?
Roll on, roll on, ye wheels of Time,
And bring the joyful day.

2 I'm glad that I was born to die,
From grief and wo my soul shall fly
Bright angels shall convey me home
Away to New Jerusalem!

And oh, dear Jesus, &c.

3 And when to that bright world I fly
And join the anthems in the sky,
Oh then my happy soul shall tell
My Jesus has done all things well.

And oh, dear Jesus, &c.

4 I hope to meet my brethren there,
Who us'd to join with me in pray'r:
Our mourning time will then be o'er,
And we shall live to die no more.

And oh, dear Jesus, &c.

5 I'll praise my God while I have breath;
I hope to praise him after death:
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

And oh, dear Jesus, &c.

6 We soon shall hear the solemn sound,
"Awake, ye nations under ground;
Arise, and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet King Jesus in the clouds!"
And oh, dear Jesus, &c.

7 There I shall see my blessed Lord,
And triumph in his blest abode:
My theme, through all eternity,
Shall "Glory! glory! glory!" be.
And oh, dear Jesus, &c.

HYMN 65. L. M.

The Sanctified Christian desiring to go Home.

THE time draws nigh,—I must go home,
Resign my body to the tomb;
I leave you all in Jesus' arms,
Whose bosom bears the tender lambs.

2 He saw me wand'ring far from God;
He by his gospel call'd aloud,
Till by th' entreaties of his tongue,
He rous'd my heart and brought me home

3 He's kept me now for many years—
Sometimes thro' joys, sometimes thro' fears;
Sometimes my soul would mount on high,
Like soaring larks, towards the sky.

4 Sometimes I'm like the lonesome dove,
Mourning, she cries through all the grove
With notes of grief I oft complain,
Till my dear Lord returns again.

5 My sun has passed o'er the line,
My body now does fast decline;
But still my soul moves slowly on,
To see the Lord upon his throne.

6 Fly fast, my sun, towards the west;
There I'll enjoy an endless rest,
And join with them now near the throne
Where sin and sorrow ne'er can come.

7 Farewell, my true and loving friends;
Death soon this mortal life shall end:
Angels shall fly at God's command,
To waft my soul to Canaan's land.

8 Farewell, my brethren, whom I love:
Prepare, me soon to meet above;
There you shall hear me sing and tell
That Jesus sav'd my soul from hell.

9 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll join with them who've gone before
And sing on harps attun'd so well,
Redemption through Immanuel!

HYMN 66. P. M. 5, 5, 11, 5, 5, 11.

Forsaking all for Christ.

OH tell me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found
Where true joys abound:
To dwell, I'm determin'd, on that happy ground.

CHORUS.

Oh Hallelujah!
Oh Hallelujah!
Oh Halle—Oh Halle—Oh Hallelujah!

2 The souls that believe,
In Paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive.
My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day
Oh Hallelujah, &c.

3 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort—go after him, go:
Lo, onward I move
To a country above;

None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.
Oh Hallelujah, &c.

4 Great spoils I shall win
From death, hell, and sin:
'Midst outward afflictions I feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die,
"Receive me!" I'll cry,
For Jesus has lov'd me, I cannot tell why.
Oh Hallelujah, &c.

5 But this I do find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind:
So this is the race
I'm running through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face
Oh Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 67. 10's, 5's & 11's.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear!
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;

And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millenial year
Rushes on in our view, and eternity's here.

O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joys, and sit down on my throne."

HYMN 68. P. M. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6.

Will you Go?

WE'RE trav'ling home to heaven above!
Will you go? will you go?
To sing the dying Saviour's love!
Will you go? will you go?
Our sun will then no more go down;
Our morn no more will be withdraw
Our days of mourning past and go
Will you go? will you go?

2 We're going to reap the great re
Will you go? will you go
Which Christ in heav'n for us p
Will you go? will you go

A rich supply of milk and wine,
And everlasting joys divine,
And robes that will the sun outshine!
Will you go? will you go?

3 We're going to strike the golden lyre!
Will you go? will you go?
And shout in strains of heav'nly fire!
Will you go? will you go?
We'll sing of God's redeeming grace,
And see our Saviour face to face,
And evermore will shout his praise!
Will you go? will you go?

4 We're going to walk in plains of light!
Will you go? will you go?
Where perfect day excludes the night!
Will you go? will you go?
And crowns of glory ever wear,
And palms of vict'ry ever bear,
nd all the joys of heaven share!
Will you go? will you go?

ad to heaven is free to all!
Vill you go? will you go?
and Gentile, great and sm
ill you go? will you go?
w resolve—give Christ y
evil to depart,
or glory make a start
you go? will you go

HYMN 69. P. M.

Voyage of the Soul.

WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,
When seas are calm, and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise;
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu!

2 With cheerful hope, her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore—
The tree of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm going home.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm, and free-bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail;
Again for joy she folds her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm safe at home.

HYMN 70. P. M.

The Good Land.

WE'VE bid the vain pleasures of earth now adieu,
The glories of Zion stand full in our view;
With joy we press onward at Jesus' command,
And soon we'll go up and possess the good land.

CHORUS.

Give him glory! hallelujah!
Give him glory! he is worthy!
And we'll all give him glory,
When we arrive at home;
When YOU *arrive—and* I *arrive—*
When THEY *arrive—and* ALL *arrive—*
Then we'll ALL *give him glory,*
When we arrive at home.

2 The bondage of sin was hard, but we're free,
And sweetly possessing the true liberty;
And all may unite with us in our band,
And soon we'll go up and possess the good land.

Give him glory, &c.

3 The tall sons of Anak may stand in our way
But Jesus, our captain, is stronger than they

The power of his gospel they cannot withstand,
So, come, let us go and possess the good land.
Give him glory, &c

4 By faith in his blood. we will trample on sin;
Arrayed in his strength, we the conquest shall win;
The sword of his Spirit we bear in our hand,
With this we'll go up and possess the good land.
Give him glory, &c.

5 'Tis now to the bank of the river we're come,
Our spirits are leaping with joy to get home;
Lo! Jordan rolls back at the Saviour's command;
He bids us come on—you shall have the good land.
Give him glory, &c.

6 When safely arrived on that happy ground,
With honor and glory each victor is crown'd;
The conqueror's palm-wreath they bear in their hand,
And rest with the Saviour, the God of the land.
Give him glory, &c.

HYMN 71. P. M. 9, 10, 9, 10.

A Home in Heaven.

A HOME in heav'n! what a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot!
His heart opprest, and with anguish driven
From his home below to his home in heaven.

2 A home in heav'n! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given,
With the blessed tho't of his home in heav'n.

3 A home in heav'n when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
And strength decays and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heav'n.

4 A home in heav'n! when the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's strokes for its evil deeds;
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heav'n.

5 A home in heav'n! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mould'ring dead,
We wait in hope of the promise given:
We will meet up there in our home in heav'n.

6 A home in heav'n when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl by the terror stroke;

When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in heav'n.

7 Our home in heav'n! Oh the glorious home,
And the Spirit joined with the Bride, says come;
Come, seek his face and your sins forgiv'n,
And rejoice in the hope of your home in heav'n

HYMN 72. P. M. 6, 5, 6, 5.

The Resurrection.

THE last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting,
And soon will appear.

CHORUS.

While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump
Sounds, Come, come away,
O let us be ready to meet the glad day.

2 And when the bright morning
In splendor shall come,
Our tears will cease flowing,
Our sorrows be gone.
While the mighty, &c.

3 The bridegroom from glory
To earth shall descend;
Ten thousand bright angels
Around him attend.
While the mighty, &c.

4 The graves will be opened,
The dead shall arise,
And with the Redeemer,
Mount up to the skies.
While the mighty, &c

5 The saints then immortal
In glory shall reign,
The bride with the bridegroom
Forever remain.
While the mighty, &c.

YOUTH ADDRESSED.

HYMN 73. L. M Double.

Expostulation Addressed to Youth.

YOUNG people, all attention give,
While I address you in God's name
You who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsel of a friend:
I've sought for bliss in glitt'ring toys,
And rang'd the luring scenes of vice
But never knew substantial joys
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.

2 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And wash'd my load of guilt away;
He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,
And thus I found the heavenly way.
And now with trembling sense I view
The billows roll beneath your feet,
For death eternal waits for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth.

3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time or conquering death;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark;
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding-sheet,
Will soon your active limbs inclose.

4 Ye heedless ones, who wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns and vapors roll
In solemn darkness round your head;
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along,
Still gazing on the spires of grass
With which your graves are overgrown.

5 But oh, the soul! where vengeance reigns,
It sinks with groans and ceaseless cries:
It rolls amidst the burning flames
In endless woe and agonies;
There swallow'd up in darkest night,
Where devils howl and thunders roar,

To rage, in keen despair and guilt,
When thousand, thousand years are o'er

6 O, fellow-youth, this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse,
And soon with you 't will be too late
The way of life in Christ to choose;
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
Nor longer fight against your God,
But with the gospel terms comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 74. C. M.

For Sundry Occasions.

COME, let us now forget our mirth,
And think that we must die;
What are our best delights on earth,
Compar'd with those on high?

2 Our pleasures here will soon be past.
Our brightest joys decay,
But pleasures there forever last,
And cannot fade away.

3 Here sins and sorrows we deplore,
With many cares distrest;
But there the mourners weep no more,
And there the weary rest.

4 Our dearest friends, when death shall call,
At once must hence depart;

But there we hope to meet them all,
And never, never part.

5 Then let us love and serve the Lord,
With all our ransom'd powers;
And we shall gain this great reward—
This glory shall be ours.

[TAYLOR.

HYMN 75. S. M.

Profitable Reflections.

DEAR youth, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r:
If one sharp wind sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And children young as we may find,
The word of promise sure.

HYMN 76. L. M.

YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes—indulge your tongue,
Enjoy the day of mirth—but know
There is a day of judgment, too.

2 God from on high beholds your thoughts;
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done,
Must all appear before the sun.

3 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

HYMN 77. C. M.

CHILDREN, to your Creator, God,
Your early honors pay;
While vanity and youthful blood,
Would tempt your thoughts astray.

2 Be wise—and make his favor sure,
Before the mournful day,
When youth and mirth are known no more
And life and strength decay.

3 The memory of his mighty name,
Demands your first regard;
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
Till you have loved the Lord.

HYMN 78. C. M

FROM earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.

2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the paths of future life,
Command thy light to shine.

3 While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe!

4 Oh let us never tread
The broad, destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory, and to God.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

HYMN 79. P. M. 7's.

Child's Evening Hymn.

FATHER! now the day is past,
On thy child thy blessing cast,
Near my pillow, hand in hand,
Let thy guardian angels stand.

2 Father! through the present night
Let not evil harm or fright:
Let me rise at morn again,
Free from ev'ry thought of pain!

3 Passing through life's thorny way,
Keep me, Father, day by day;
When the day of life is o'er,
Save thy child for evermore!

HYMN 80. P. M. 7's.

Morning Hymn for Family Devotion.

NOW the shades of night are gone—
Now the morning light is come:
Lord, may we be thine this day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and cleanse our sight;

In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we work, and watch, and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out, and coming in,
Keep us safe from ev'ry sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
Oh receive us then at last;
Night of sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

HYMN 81. L. M.

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,

And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.
[WATTS.

HYMN 82. L. M.

FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustain'd.

2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd:
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name!
While pleas'd and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.
[DODDRIDGE

HYMN 83. S. M.

LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death,
But in the worship of my God,
I'll spend my daily breath.
I'll spend, &c.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.
And pay, &c.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.
Beneath, &c.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no great danger feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.
Nor learn, &c.

DEDICATION.

HYMN 84. C. M.

For Opening a Place for Social Prayer.

DEAR Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hopes to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

HYMN 85. L. M.

To be Sung at the Laying of the Corner Stone of a Church.

TO thee we raise our voices high,
Who o'er creation reign'st alone:
Whose home is in the boundless sky,
And Nature's universe thy throne.

2 Behold, and send thy blessing, Lord,
And with thy smiles our labors own:
May to thy praise this house be rear'd,
Of which we plant the Corner Stone.

3 May here thy saving truths be preach'd,
Truths which thy Spirit e'er shall own,
And many sinful hearts be reach'd,
And led to Christ—the Corner Stone.

4 When bowing low, by sin opprest,
The contrite Spirit makes its moan,
Here may it find the promis'd rest,
And build on Christ—the Corner Stone.

5 Here may the Christian e'er be taught
Of him who doth for sin atone,
Until his soul, with love full fraught,
Shall sing of Christ—the Corner Stone.

6 O God Triune, let all be blest,
Who gather here before thy throne,
As living stones on earth be drest,
For Christ in heav'n—our Corner Stone.

HYMN 86. P. M. 7's.

Used in Dedicating Churches.

LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of pray'r and praise;
Thou thy people's heart prepare
Here thy glories to declare.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy Word, the heav'nly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May we lean on Jesus' breast.

3 In this temple deign to show
Thou can'st dwell with men below;
And in answer to our cries,
Send down blessings from the skies.

4 Here may sinners seek thy face,
And obtain thy pard'ning grace,
And in love, in pray'r and song,
Happy join the holy throng.

5 Let our children yet unborn,
Here for Jesus wish and mourn,
That, when we are sav'd by grace,
They may occupy our place.

6 May this church a garden prove,
For the plants that thou dost love;
In succession bid them rise,
And transplant them to the skies.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

HYMN 87. L. M.

Used when Receiving New Members.

MAY those who have thy name confess'd,
Now find in God a settled rest;
From day to day still more increase
In faith, and love, and holiness.

2 As living members, may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear;
And active in their stations prove
In all the offices of love.

3 From all temptations now defend,
And keep them, Lord, unto the end;
While in thy house they still improve,
Till call'd to join the church above.

HYMN 88. S. M.

Request of the Sanctified Christian.

OH sing to me of heav'n,
When I am call'd to die!
Sing songs of holy ecstacy,
To waft my soul on high.

2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness!
Let heav'n begin below!

3 When the last moment comes,
Oh watch my dying face,
And catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which o'er each feature plays.

4 Then to my ravish'd ears
Let one sweet song be giv'n;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heav'n.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest;
And clasp my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

6 Then round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,
My glorious home above!

[MRS. M. S. B. DANA.

HYMN 89. L. M.

Sung at Collection Season.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of pow'r and grace,
Which spread salvation through our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue:
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.

3 That man may breathe, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,—
Whom none can love, whom none can thank
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In gen'rous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path the Saviour trod—
The path to glory and to God!

HYMN 90. C. M.

Used on Public Fast-Day.

COME, let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay;
Who still suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us leave to pray.

2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great;
But he will not despair:
Still open is thy mercy-seat
To penitence and pray'r.

3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe:
Oh let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below.

4 Oh gracious God, for Jesus' sake,
Attend our humble cry,—
Nor let thy kindling vengeance wake
Destruction from on high.

5 Though Justice, near thy awful throne,
Attends thy great command;
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land!

HYMN 91. P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 11, ".

The Christian Begging.

WHEN I set out for glory,
I left the world behind,
Determin'd for a city
That's out of sight to find

CHORUS.

And to glory I will go:
And to glory I will go, I'll go, I'll go!
And to glory I will go!

2 I left my worldly honor,
I left my worldly fame,
I left my young companions,
And with them my good name.

3 Some said I'd better tarry—
They thought I was too young
For to prepare for dying,
But that was all my song.

4 Come, all my loving brethren,
And listen to my cry:
All ye that that are backsliders
Must shortly beg, or die.

CHORUS.

And to begging I will go:
And to begging I will go, I'll go, I'll go!
And to begging I will go!

5 The Lord he loves the beggar,
Who truly begs indeed;
He always will relieve him,
Whene'er he stands in need.

6 I do not beg for riches,
  Nor to be dressed fine;
The garment that he'll give me
  The sun it will outshine.

7 I'm not asham'd to beg
  While here on earth I stay:
I'm not asham'd to watch,
  And I'm not asham'd to pray.

8 The richest man I ever saw
  Was one that begg'd the most;
His soul was filled with Jesus,
  And with the Holy Ghost.

9 And now we are encourag'd,
  Come, let us travel on,
Until we join the angels,
  And sing the holy song.

HYMN 92. P. M. 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 4, 6, 4.

The Ship of Zion.

LAUNCH thy bark, Mariner!
  Christian! God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder bands!
  Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
  Tempests will come:
Steer thy course steadily,
  Christian, steer home!

2 Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, there;
Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear—
There swept the blast!

3 "What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?"
Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all's right!
Be wakeful, be vigilant!
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee!

4 How gains the leak so fast?
Clean out the hold,
Hoist up thy merchandize,
Heave out the gold!
There, let the ingots go:
Now the ship rights!
Hurra! the harbor's near!
Lo! the red lights!

5 Slacken not sail yet,
At inland or island:
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the highland:
Crowd all the canvas on!
Cut through the foam!

Christian! cast anchor now!
Heav'n is thy HOME!
[MRS. SOUTHEY.

HYMN 93. P. M. 11's.

The Bower of Prayer.

TO leave my dear friends, with my neighbors to part,
And go from my home, it affects not my heart,
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day,
From the blessed retreat where I've chosen to pray!

2 How sweet were the pine and the poplar which spread,
And wove with their branches a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And pour'd out my soul to my Saviour in pray'r.

3 The early shrill notes of the lov'd nightingale,
That sang in my bower, I've mark'd as my bell,
To call me to duty, while birds of the air
Sang anthems of praise as I went to my pray'r

4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfum'd by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine;
But sweeter, oh sweeter, superlative fair,
The joys that I tasted in answer to pray'r.

5 For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deign'd there to meet,
And blest with his presence my lonely retreat;
Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there,
Inditing with heav'n's own language my pray'r.

6 Dear bow'r! I must leave you, and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,
Well knowing my Saviour resides ev'ry where,
And can in all places give answer to pray'r!

HYMN 94. P M. 11, 10, 11, 10.

Come, ye Disconsolate.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish!
Come at the Mercy-Seat, fervently kneel,
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal!

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure!"

3 Here see the Bread of Life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove!

4 Let not your unbelief keep back the blessing,
But in the cause of God fully engage!
Bow at the throne of grace, ever confessing,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can't assuage!

5 Lo! from his shining throne, Jesus the Saviour,
Looks with complacency, bids you receive
Joy, peace, and pleasure sweet, pardon and favor:
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can relieve!

HYMN 95. P. M. 12, 12, 12, 12, 14, 12.

Hymn for Christmas Day.

FROM the regions of love an angel descended,
And told the strange news how the babe was attended;
"Go, shepherds, and visit the wonderful stranger,
See yonder bright star—there's your God in a manger!"

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who has purchased our pardon:
We'll praise him again
When we pass over Jordan!

2 "Glad tidings I bring unto you, and each nation,
Glad tidings of joy—now behold your salvation!"
Then suddenly multitudes raise their glad voices,
And shout hallelujahs, while heaven rejoices!
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 Now glory to God in the highest is given:
"All glory to God!" is re-echoed in heaven:
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 Enraptur'd, I burn with delight and desire;
Such love, so divine, sets my heart all on fire;
Around the bright throne "Hosannahs" are ringing:
Oh when shall I join them, and ever be singing?

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

5 O Jesus, ride on! thy kingdom is glorious:
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou'lt make us victorious;
Thy banner unfurl! let the nations surrender,
And own thee their Saviour, their God and Defender!

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

HYMN 96. L. M. John xiii. 2–17.

Feet-Washing Hymn.

WHEN Jesus Christ was here below,
He taught his people what to do;
And if we would his precepts keep,
We must descend to washing feet!

2 For on that night he was betray'd,
He for us all a pattern laid;
Soon as his supper he did eat,
He rose and wash'd his brethren's feet.

3 The Lord who made the earth and sky,
Arose, and laid his garments by,
And wash'd their feet, to show that we
Should always kind and humble be!

4 He wash'd them all, to make them clean.
But Judas still was full of sin:
May none of us, like Judas, sell
The Lord for gold, and go to hell.

5 Peter said, "Lord, it shall not be!
Thou shalt not stoop to washing me!"
Oh that no Christian here may say,
"I'm too unworthy to obey!"

6 "You call me Lord and Master, too:
Then do as I have done to you;
All my commands and counsels keep,
And show your love by washing feet.

7 "Ye shall be happy if ye know,
And do these things by faith below;
And I'll protect you till you die,
And then remove you up on high.

HYMN 97. P. M.

The Little Mourner—for Children.

OH where, tell me where
Is my little brother* gone?
Oh where, tell me where
Is my little brother gone?
The morning lark awakes,
And sings at early dawn of day,
And I cannot play alone:
Oh where doth my brother stay?

2 Oh where, tell me where
Is my little brother gone?
Oh where, tell me where
Is my little brother gone?
The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track,
Yet no more I chase its flight,—
Oh I wish my brother back!

3 Oh where, tell me where
Is my little brother gone?
Oh where, tell me where
Is my little brother gone?
The flow'rs are blooming sweetly
That we sow'd around the tree,
And the clusters load the vine!
Call my brother back to me!

---

* Or SISTER, if deceased be a girl.

4 Oh where, tell me where
Is my little brother gone?
Oh where, tell me where
Is my little brother gone?

MOTHER.

He cannot hear thy voice, my child,
He cannot come to thee,—
And that face, that oft hath smil'd,
Thou no more on earth wilt see!

CHILD.

5 Oh where, tell me where
Is my little brother gone?
Oh where, tell me where
Is my little brother gone?

MOTHER.

A rose's short, bright life of joy
Was only to him giv'n:
And thou now must play alone,
For thy brother is in heaven!

CHILD.

6 Alone! all alone!
Oh, I cannot play alone!
Alone! all alone!
Oh, I cannot play alone!
And has he left his birds and flow'rs?
And must I call in vain?
And through all the summer hours
Will he never come again?

7 Alone! all alone!
Oh, I cannot play alone!

Alone! all alone!
Oh, I cannot play alone!
And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wand'rings o'er?
Oh, while brother with me play'd,
Would that I had lov'd him more!

SACRAMENTAL.

HYMN 98. C. M.

A Sacramental Melody.

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie,—
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh:

2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe,
To him who died our fears to quell—
Our more than orphan's woe?

3 While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words display'd:
"Meet, and remember me!"

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O mem'ry, leave no other name
But his recorded there!

5 Remember us while here we meet,
And feast us with thy love—
With hope of union, much more sweet,
In yon bright world above!

HYMN 99. C. M.

HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood, the wine.

2 He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies!
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow,
O what delightful food!
We eat the bread, and drink the wine
But think on nobler good.

4 The bitter torments he endured
Upon the accursed tree,
Each welcome guest may truly say,
Were borne from love to me.

5 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine:
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

HYMN 100. C. M.

HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth his dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murmuring word.

3 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

4 Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

5 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love;
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.

6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record;
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

LOVE-FEAST.

HYMN 101. 7's.

Sung at Love-Feast.

JESUS, we thy promise claim!
We are met in thy great name;
In the midst do thou appear!
Manifest thy presence here.

2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless!
Breathe thy Spirit, give us peace;
Thou thyself within us move;
Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Still our fellowship increase,
Knit us in the bonds of peace;
Join our new-born spirits—join
Each to each, and all to thine.

4 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

5 Call, oh call us each by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb;
Let us lean upon thy breast,
Love be there our endless feast.

HYMN 102. S. M.

WE meet with one accord
To eat this "Feast of Love,"
To sup with Jesus Christ, our Lord,
And taste the bliss above.

2 Born from above, we know
The mystic unity:
By faith, and deed, and truth we show,
In love our souls agree!

3 No jarring string is here:
Our hearts are all in tune;
Our gracious Master gives good cheer,
And glory is the boon!

4 While here with Christ we feast,
The fairest things of earth—
The brightest, richest, and the best—
Appear as nothing worth.

5 Come, Jesus, and impart
Thy Spirit at this feast,
And sweetly in each loving heart,
Abide a constant guest.

HYMN 103. 8's.

FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 O! why then so loth for to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again?
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Leaving these vile bodies of clay,
United with Jesus in love,

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see,
Singing hallelujah, amen—
Amen, even so let it be. [WATTS

BACKSLIDING.

HYMN 104. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

The Backslider Comforted.

1 I WAS weary of my Saviour,
Turn'd my heart to other love;
Deeply mov'd at my behavior,
Soon he call'd me, from above:
Drew me gently,
Gently with the cords of love.

2 This delightful bondage breaking,
Soon my footsteps roam'd away;
He in grief at my forsaking,
Follow'd me the live-long day;
Woo'd me sweetly;
Words of love I heard him say!

3 In his garden I was sleeping;
There he came to seek for me;
On his head the night-dews weeping,
Soothingly he said to me:
"My beloved!
My beloved, come to me!"

4 Yet I left this heav'nly lover,
Though his lips like lilies were;

Once again became a rover,
Turned away from one so dear.
Still he follow'd—
Watch'd me with untiring care.

5 Last of all, he sent in sorrow;
Call'd my idols all away;
For the sake of bright to-morrow,
Darken'd all my joys to-day:
Then he whisper'd,
"Oh, my fair one, come away!

6 "I'm in all thy griefs a sharer;
Thy afflictions all are mine;
'Tis, my love, to draw thee nearer
To my heart, I'm breaking thine;
I have won thee,
Won thy heart by love divine!

7 "'Tis in mercy I have pain'd thee,
Wand'rer in a desert wild!
Now I know that I have gain'd thee,
Oh, my love, my undefil'd!"
Thus he soothed me,
With his accents, sweet and mild.

8 Now I follow where he leads me—
I am his, and he is mine;
With the richest love he feeds me,
While upon him I recline:
Gazing upward,
On his eyes I fasten mine.

[MRS. M. S. B. DANA.

HYMN 105. P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8. Double.

THE crucified one has appear'd!
His look how benign and how sweet!
By absence to me more endear'd,
I gratefully fall at his feet!
My crimes are remember'd no more!
The sky of my mind is serene!
And while I exult and adore,
Still more of his goodness is seen!

2 Oh, soul, how ungrateful and dead!
How could you from Jesus depart?
And why was not Justice display'd,
To punish this obdurate heart?
The depths of his love none can tell!
The heights of his goodness unknown!
On earth, or in heaven, or hell,
That kindness I surely shall own!

3 The gifts of the Spirit bestow!
I'd feast with my Saviour on love,
Untouch'd by the evils below,
And cheer'd by the glories above!
Oh give me swift pinions to haste
From sin and the wish e'er to roam,
And crown all thy mercies at last
By taking the backslider home!

[R. E. H. LEVERING.

HYMN 106. C. M.

The Wanderer from God Called.

RETURN, oh wand'rer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face:
Those new desires which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, oh wand'rer, NOW return,
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, oh wand'rer, NOW return!
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, oh wand'rer, NOW return,
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls, no longer mourn,
'Tis Love invites thee near!

[COLLYER.

HYMN 107. L. M.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears,

And vex'd and urged Thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;

Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd:

Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

HYMN 108. S. M.

HOW can I vent my grief?
My comforter is fled;
By day I sigh without relief,
And groan upon my bed.

2 I once enjoy'd my Lord;
Liv'd happy in his love,
Delighted in his holy word,
And sought my rest above.

3 But O! alas, my soul,
Where is my comfort now?
Why did I let my love grow cold?
Ah! why to idols bow?

4 How little did I think,
When first I did begin

To join a little with the world,
It was so great a sin.

5 I thought I might conform,
Nor singular appear,
Converse and dress as others did,
But now I feel the snare.

6 My soul! this will not do;
Thy day is almost past;
I must repent and turn to God,
Or sink to hell at last.

7 Trembling to Christ I'll fly,
And all my sins confess;
At Jesus' cross I'll humbly fall,
And ask restoring grace.

8 I'll mortify my pride;
Myself I will deny;
And if I perish, Lord, at last,
Beneath thy cross I'll die.

HYMN 109. C. M.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view,
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd,
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O! holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 110. P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

Appeal for the Slave.

OUR countrymen are dying
Beneath their galling chains,
Full many a heart is sighing
Where nought but slav'ry reigns;

No note of joy and gladness,
No voice, with Freedom's lay,
Falls on them in their sadness,
To wipe those tears away.

2 Where proud Potomac dashes
Along its northern strand,
Where Rappahannock lashes
Virginia's sparkling sand,—
Where Eutaw, fam'd in story,
Flows swift to Santee's stream,
There, there in grief, and gory,
The pining slave is seen.

3 And shall Columbia's freemen,
Descendants of the free,
Whose boasted flag is gleaming
'Mid Freedom's minstrelsy,—
Will they, when hearts are breaking,
And bondmen weep in wo,
Their heavy grief partaking,
Their hearts of pity show?

4 Yes, let the shout of freedom
Ring out a certain peal!
Let sire, and youth, and maiden,
All who have hearts to feel,
Awake! and with the blessing
Of him who came to save,
A holy, peaceful triumph
Shall greet the kneeling slave!

HYMN 111. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

A Deceiving World Pictured.

THE faithless world's promiscuous flow,
Enwrapt in Fancy's vision,
Allur'd by sound, beguil'd by show,
So sweet a dream, you'd scarcely know
There is a brighter heaven!

2 Fine gold will change, and diamonds fade,
Swift wings to wealth are given;
All varying time and forms are vain,
The seasons roll, light sinks in shade,
There's nothing lasts but heaven.

3 Creation's mighty fabric, all
Will be to atoms riven;
The sky consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions wreck this earthly ball:
There's nothing firm but heaven.

4 Empires decay, and nations die,
Our hopes to winds are given;
The vernal bloom in ruin lies,
Death reigns o'er all below the skies:
There's nothing lives but heaven.

5 This world is poor, from shore to shore,
And like a baseless vision:
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns, are vain and poor:
There's nothing rich but heaven.

6 A stranger here I lonely roam,
From place to place I'm driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom,
This earth is all a lonely tomb:
I have no home but heaven!

7 The clouds disperse, the light appears!
My sins are all forgiven!
Triumphant grace has lull'd my fears!
Roll on, thou sun; fly swift, ye years,
I'm on the wing for heaven!

HYMN 112. L. M.

Gathering the Harvest.

THOUGH in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow,
Jesus ere long will reap the crop,
And burn the tares in anger up:
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here,—
How much they heard, how much they knew!
How much among the wheat they grew?
No, soon the reaping time, &c.

3 Oh, this will aggravate their case;
They perish'd under means of grace!

To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.
And soon the reaping time, &c.

4 But though they grew so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown!
For soon the reaping time, &c.

5 Most awful thought! and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is ev'ry man a wheat, or tare?
Me for that harvest, Lord, prepare:
For soon the reaping time, &c.

HYMN 113. P. M. 11's.

Christian Experience.

YE people, that wonder at me and my ways,
And oft with astonishment on me do gaze,
Come, lend your attention, and I will relate
My past exercises, and my present state.

2 The people I follow I once did despise,
And ofttimes like you I gaz'd on with surprise;
I gaz'd with a mixture of pride and disdain,
Yet still from their meetings I could not refrain.

3 I sometimes did jest at their sighs and their groans,
And sometimes in spirit felt deeply to mourn;

Their praying and mourning gave me much
offence,
I thought it delusion, and nought but pretence

I ofttimes determin'd I'd hear them no more,
But still on occasions would go as before;
Although persecuting, I still would return,
The sparks of conviction beginning to burn.

5 The Word cloth'd with pow'r at length reach'd
my heart;
I sat under preaching, and there felt the dart;
I strove to conceal it, and soon found it vain;
To pray, weep and tremble, it did me con-
strain.

6 I sunk down in sorrow, so deep my distress;
I lay for some hours almost motionless,
Till Jesus in mercy his love did reveal!
A wonder! a wonder! oh, how I did feel!

7 My burden of guilt was removed and gone,
My spirit was joyful, my soul was serene;
I stood up and prais'd him without dread or
fear,
Nor would I regard though the world had
been there.

8 My friends may despise me, and foes ridicule
The wise of this world may esteem me a fool

But all their attempts will be fruitless and vain,
For Jesus has bless'd me, and I'll praise his name.

HYMN 141. L. M.

The Christian's Farewell Song.

FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,
I can no longer stay;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world do view!

CHORUS.

Farewell, farewell, farewell!
My loving friends, farewell!

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal's care or bliss;
I leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
Farewell, &c.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord;
To you I'm bound in cords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.
Farewell, &c.

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the Cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heav'n:

You've counted all things here but dross
Fight on, the crown shall soon be giv'n.
Farewell, &c.

5 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet await for you:
Yet, dauntless, keep the heav'nly road
Till Canaan's happy land you view.
Fight on, fight on, fight on,
The crown shall soon be giv'n.

6 Farewell, poor careless sinner, too;
It grieves my heart to leave you here;
Eternal vengeance waits for you!
Oh turn, and find salvation near!
Oh turn, oh turn, oh turn,
And find salvation near.

HYMN 115. P. M. 9, 8, 9, 8.

My Father's Land.

THERE is a place where my hopes are stay'd.
My heart and my treasure are there,
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair!

CHORUS.

That blissful place is my Father's land
Oh, how I long to be there!
Come favor my flight, angelic band
And waft me in peace to that shore.

2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode:
The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
But there is the palace of God!
That blissful place, &c.

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who worship'd and suffer'd with me,—
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King, in his beauty, they see.
That blissful place, &c.

4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its troubles are o'er,—
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.
That blissful place, &c.

HYMN 116. P. M. 7's. Double.

An Anti-Slavery Dialogue.

FREEMEN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are!
Bondmen! lo, yon spreading light,
Freedom's glory-beaming star!
Freemen! do its blessed rays
Promise good to slaves like we?
Bondmen! yes, its glorious blaze
Lights your path to liberty!

2 Freemen! tell us of the night:
Does its star approach our land?
Bondmen! mark yon dawning light!
Lo, the breaking day's at hand!
Freemen! can these beams alone
Bid our dreadful bondage cease?
Bondmen! God is on the throne:
He will bring you quick release.

3 Freemen! shall our fetter'd race
Cease to wear the galling chain?
Bondmen! lo, the God of grace
Comes to end thy tyrant's reign.
Freemen! can it, can it be?
Shall we share thy glorious name?
Bondmen! yes, you shall be free!
Spread your great Deliv'rer's fame!

[DUNBARTON.

HYMN 117. P. M.

The Glorious Treasure.

RELIGION is a glorious treasure,
The purchase of the Saviour's blood;
It fills the mind with consolation;
It lifts the thoughts to things above;
It calms our fears and soothes our sorrows;
It smooths our way o'er life's rough sea:
'Tis mix'd with goodness, meekness and temp'rance;
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

This earthly house must be dissolv'd,
And mortal life will then be o'er;
All earthly cares and earthly sorrow
Shall pain my eyes and heart no more;
But pure religion remains forever,
And my glad heart shall strengthen'd be:
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heav'nly portion mine shall be.

3 How vain, how fleeting and transitory
This world, with all its splendid show;
Its vain delights and deceitful pleasures,
I'll gladly bid them all adieu;
But grace and glory shall be my story,
While I in Jesus such beauty do see:
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heav'nly portion mine shall be.

4 While trav'ling here through tribulation,
In Christian love we'll march along;
And while contention divides the "Union,"
In Jesus Christ we'll all be one!
For pure religion unites together
In Christian union, I plainly see:
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heav'nly portion mine shall be.

HYMN 118. C. M.

By a Young Lady on her Death-bed.

'TIS low down in that beautiful valley,
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly,
Where no storms of envy or folly
Can e'er roll their billows again,—
The meek soul, in humble subjection,
Can there find unshaken protection,
There soft gales of cheering reflection,
The mind sooth'd from sorrow and pain.

2 This low vale is free from contention,
Where no soul can dream of dissension,
Where no wiles of evil intention
Can find out these regions of peace:
'Tis there, there the Lord will deliver,
And souls drink of that beautiful river,
Where peace flows forever and ever,
And love and joy forever increase.

3 There those who by storms have been driven,
Shall moor their barks in that beautiful haven.
And there bask in the sunshine of heaven,
And triumph in Immanuel's name.
'Tis there, there in yonder bright glory,
We'll shout and sing, and tell the glad story;
And when we've pass'd cold Jordan quite over
We'll sing "Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!"

HYMN 119. 4 lines 11's.

The American Song.

COME, O ye Americans, be thankful to God,
For the thousand blessings and honors bestowed;
While so many nations in bondage have laid.
You've had the glorious gospel to sound as your aid.

2 The religion of Jesus is spreading abroad,
While many of aliens are turning to God,
But O, the revival is now at a stand,
And still there's hardened sinners that's yet in our land.

3 It's time now, poor sinners, I pray you repent,
And believe in the gospel that Jesus has sent;
You've been faithfully warned, by night and by day,
When to judgment you're called, O what will you say?

4 Poor broken-hearted mourners, believe in the Lord—
Jesus now is waiting, we're told in his word;
I hope to see Jesus in mansions above,
To gaze on his glory and feast on his love.

5 Farewell now, poor sinners, to Canaan I'm
bound;
Believe in the gospel, and follow the sound;
It's Canaan's happy land that I hope to ex-
plore;
O help me, dear Saviour, thy name to adore.

6 When life sinks apace, and death heaves in
view,
The religion of Jesus will bear us safe through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our
side,
We hope to die shouting—the Lord will pro
vide.

HYMN 120. P. M.

OH sinners, sinners, don't you see
The way is now prepared?—hallelujah!
What Christ hath done for you and me,
Tho' we have been much degraded?—halle
lujah!
And very heavy laden—hallelujah,
With sin and much temptation—hallelu
jah!

2 Behold him going in the tomb.
To prepare the way for dying—hallelujah!
They embalm'd him with rich perfume,
'Twas the act of purifying—hallelujah!

And what do you think of dying?—hallelujah!
Don't you think it very trying?—hallelujah!

3 A few more suffering days below,
Then like Jesus we'll be buried—hallelujah!
And in a coming day, I know,
We to heaven will be carried—hallelujah!
Then we'll go, both soul and body—hallelujah!
For to reign with God forever--hallelujah!

4 But when we land on that blest shore,
Our earthly cares are ended—hallelujah!
There we'll encamp forevermore,
That's just what God intended—hallelujah!
That we should reign forevermore—hallelujah!
With Jesus, our elder brother—hallelujah!

HYMN 121. C. M.

LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came;
And hope to meet our Saviour here,
Oh! make our joys the same.

2 With what divine and vast delight,
The good old man was fill'd;

When fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the holy child.

3 "I now can leave this world," he cried,
"Behold, thy servant dies;
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 "This is the light prepar'd to shine
Upon the Gentile lands;
Thine Israel's glory and their hope,
To break their slavish bands."

5 Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then while you hear my heart-strings break
How sweet my minutes roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.

HYMN 122. P. M.

Farewell.

BRETHREN and sisters, we must part,
And to our callings go;
But let us all keep one in heart,
Whilst we remain below

CHORUS.

We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
And then with Jesus we shall meet,
And never, never part again.
What! never part again?
No! never part again!
What! never part again?
No! never part again!
But then we shall each other greet,
And never part again.

2 We may but meet a few times more,
Till we shall meet above,
Where pain and parting are no more,
In that bright world of love.
We're marching, &c.

3 We shall with Christ, in Paradise,
To endless ages dwell:
Then let us pray, both night and day—
So now, dear friends, farewell.
We're marching, &c.

4 And when we meet in heaven above,
Where saints and angels dwell,
We'll sing of his redeeming love,
And never say farewell.
We're marching, &c.

HYMN 123. L. M.

SINNERS, perhaps this news to you
May have no weight, although so true,
The carnal pleasures of the earth
Cast off the thoughts and fears of death.

2 The aged sinner will not turn,—
His heart 's so hard he cannot mourn,
Much harder than a flinty rock—
He will not turn, though Jesus knock.

3 The blooming youth, all in their prime,
Are counting out their length of time;
They ofttimes say 'tis their intent,
When they get old, they will repent.

4 But oh! the sad and awful state
Of those who stay and come too late:
The foolish virgins—they began
To knock, but could not enter in.

5 Then, parents, take a solemn view
Of your dear children, dear to you:
How can you bear to hear them cry,
And fault you with their misery?

6 When Christ the Lord shall come again,
In solemn pomp and burning flame,
Say, Gabriel, go proclaim the sound,
"Awake! ye nations under ground."

7 Oh! how will parents tremble there,
Who raise their children without prayer?

Methinks they'll hear their children say,
"I never heard my parents pray."

8 Good Lord, what groans, what bitter cries,
What thunder rolling through the skies!
Poor sinners sink in dark despair,
While saints are shouting through the air.

HYMN 124. L. M.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay:
I had no power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd—not a word he spake—
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all—he blest it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then;
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

3 I spied him where a fountain burst,
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone
The heedless water mock'd his thirst;
He heard it, saw it, hurrying on.

I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er—
I drank, and never thirsted more.

4 'Twas night, the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, and cheered my guest
Laid him on my own couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

5 Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I rous'd his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment,—he was healed;—
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6 In pris'n I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him midst shame and scorn
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

7 Then in a moment, to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew;
My SAVIOUR stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall my memorial me;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

HYMN 125. S. M.

MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And, when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,

Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

HYMN 126. 8's.

THE Canaanite still in the land,
To harrass, perplex, and dismay,
Brought Israel of old at a stand,
For Anak was stronger than they.

2 What God had designed, they possest,
Supported and kept by his hand;
Yet, lest on their lees they should rest,
The Canaanite dwelt in the land.

3 'Tis thus with thine Israel on earth,
Who groan with a body of sin,
Partake of a spiritual birth,
The work of the spirit within.

4 [To-day, with the taste of his love,
Jehovah their souls will expand;
To-morrow he'll give them to prove,
The Canaanite still in the land.]

5 Yet all things shall work for their good,
Afflictions, temptations, or pain;
And still, thro' the Lamb and his blood,
Their cause they shall ever maintain.

6 [A thorn in the flesh they shall have,
Their roving affections shall win;
To teach them how Jesus can save,
And show them the depth of their sin.]

7 Yes, down to the Jordan of death,
His foes shall the Christian withstand;
And feel, when resigning his breath,
The Canaanite still in the land.

8 Their place of repose is on high,
(No Canaanite enters therein,)
To drink of the rivers of joy,
Remote from the regions of sin.

[KENT.

HYMN 127. 7's.

LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am!
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name,
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy—
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast help'd in every need;
This emboldens me to plead:
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

[NEWTON.

HYMN 128. C. M.

JESUS, in thy transporting name,
What blissful glories rise!
Jesus! the angel's sweetest theme—
The wonder of the skies!

2 Well might the skies with wonder view,
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.

3 Jesus! and didst thou leave the sky,
For miseries and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die
For vile rebellious foes?

4 Victorious love! can language tell
The wonders of thy power,
Which conquered all the force of hell
In that tremendous hour?

5 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine?
O take this heart, this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

HYMN 129.

O Come Away.

O COME, come away from labor now reposing,
Let anxious care awhile forbear;
O come, come away.
O come, and sacred joys renew,
And here, where faith will strengthen you,
And Christ will welcome you;
O come, come away.

2 From toil and the cares on which the day is closing,
The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve;
O come, come away.
O come where God will smile on thee,
And in thy heart will rapture be,
And time pass happily;
O come, come away.

3 While tuned to God's love the angel's harps are singing,
And sound his praise through endless days;
O come, come away.
In answering songs of sympathy,
Will sing in tuneful harmony,

From earth's temptation free;
O come, come away.

4 The bright day is gone, the moon and stars appearing,
With silver light illum'd the night;
O come, come away.
Come join your pray'rs with our address,
Kind heaven here our hearts to bless,
With peace, hope, happiness;
O come, come away.

HYMN 130.

I HAVE sought round the verdant earth
For unfading joys;
I have tried every source of mirth,
But all, all will cloy;
Lord, bestow on me
Grace to set my spirit free,
Thine the praise shall be,
Mine, mine the joy.

2 I have wander'd in mazes dark,
Of doubt and distress;
I have had not a kindling spark,
My spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief
Filled my wavering soul with grief;
What shall give relief?
What shall give peace?

3 I then turn'd to thy gospel, Lord,
From folly away;
I then trusted thy holy word,
Which taught me to pray;
There I found release,
Weary spirit here found rest,
Hope of endless bliss,
Eternal day.

4 I will praise now my heavenly King,
I'll praise and adore;
The heart's richest tribute bring
To thee, God of power;
And in heaven above,
Saved by thy redeeming love,
Loud the strain shall move,
Forever more.

HYMN 131.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints and angels stand,
Bright, bright as day;
O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Forever more.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away!

Why do you doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest evermore.

3 Bright in the happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun,
Reign evermore.

HYMN 132.

The Invitation.

O COME, come away from sin, that dreadful monster,
Let Christ the Lord upon you smile;
O come, come away.
O come and taste redeeming love,
And then his truth and friendship prove,
And onward sweetly move;
O come, come away.

2 From death and the curse in which you now are sinking,
Redeeming love will you remove;
O come, come away.

O, come along and join our throng,
And with us sing this cheerful song,
And heav'n shall be your home;
O come, come away.

3 While watchmen are standing on the "walls of Zion,"
Inviting you to join in, too;
O come, come away.
O, will you still refuse the call,
And into misery blindly fall.
And drink that burning gall?
O come, come away.

4 The bright morn of youth will soon be gone forever,
Its morning light may set in night;
O come, come away.
O come, while youth is in its prime,
And seek redeeming love divine,
And in Christ's army shine;
O come, come away.

5 When free from this world of sorrow and temptation,
We'll sail above on wings of love;
O come, come away.
And while angelic armies sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
We'll praise our eternal King;
O come, come away.

NEW-YEAR AND CHRISTMAS

HYMN 133. L. M.

New-Year.

GREAT God! we see thy mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The op'ning year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And trusting, leave it at thy feet.

3 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.

4 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues:
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

HYMN 134. L. M. Double.

For Christmas Day.

WHEN marshal'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye:—
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem,—
But one alone, the Saviour speaks:
It is "The Star of Bethlehem!"

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark:
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose!
It was "The Star of Bethlehem!"

3 It was my guide, my light, my all:
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace!
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The glorious "Star of Bethlehem!"

HYMN 135. C. M.

For New-Year's Day.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
Of the revolving year:
How swift the weeks complete their round,
How short the months appear.

2 How fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life hath done,
God's judgment shall survey!

3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift revolving year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, oh God, my careless heart,
Its great concern to see,
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise:
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joys above the skies!

[DODDRIDGE.

WEDDING HYMNS.

HYMN 136. C. M.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage-feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 In purest love these souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

4 May death to them no terror have,
When life's short space is o'er:
In faith united may they live,
Where they shall part no more.

HYMN 137. L. M.

WITH grateful hearts and tuneful lays,
We sing before th' Eternal Throne,
And offer up our humble praise
To him whose name is God alone.

2 At this auspicious hour draw near,
And shed thy richest blessings down;
Fill ev'ry heart with love sincere,
And all thy faithful mercies crown.

3 Grant now thy presence, gracious Lord,
And hearken to our fervent pray'r;
The nuptial vow in heav'n record,
And bless the newly-married pair.

4 Oh guide them safe this desert through,
'Mid all the cares of life and love;
May they with joy thy glories view,
In the eternal world above.

CONVOCATION.

HYMN 138. L. M.

LORD! in thy Zion now appear,
And animate thy saints with zeal:
With great success our prospects cheer!
May we thy presence with us feel!

2 Since thou hast rescued us from death,
To know thy love, and trust thy grace,
Oh, let us spend our life and breath
In winning sinners to thy ways.

4 Shall we be cold, and live supine,
While thousands perish all around?
Duty is ours, success is thine:
Now let the power with us be found.

5 Though dark and gloomy clouds arise,
And efforts oft abortive prove,
Oh Jesus shine, and clear our skies,
Fill ev'ry heart with hope and love.

3 Into thy vineyard many send,
And light, and zeal, and grace supply;
Be thou their guide, their God, their friend!
In danger and distress be nigh.

6 Bless those who now, in foreign lands,
Are preaching Christ as "All in All;"
Put forth thy pow'r—break Satan's bands,
Crown with success the gospel's call.

7 O let the seed which may be sown,
Be water'd with the Spirit's pow'r!
May Christ through ev'ry clime be known,
And blessings on the heathen show'r.

HYMN 139. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

BEAUTIFUL upon the mountains
Are the messengers of peace,
Publishing the news of pardon
Through a Saviour's righteousness!
Joyful tidings
Of a Saviour's righteousness.

2 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
"Heralds of my Cross, arise!
Go and publish news of pardon!
See a world in ruin lies!
Preach 'Salvation!'
Till I call you to the skies!"

3 Jesus, we obey thy summons:
See thy servants waiting stand:
When our song of praise is ended,
We will go at thy command!
Great Redeemer,
Guide us by thine own right hand!

4 Scenes of love and sacred friendship,
We will bid you all "Farewell!"
O'er the earth's wide face we wander,
News of Jesus' love to tell!
Christian soldiers,
We must part and say, "Farewell!"

5 Often have we joined these voices
In our songs, as God we prais'd,
And around our altars bending,
Pray'r at morn and evening rais'd!
Perhaps never
Shall we join on earth in praise.

6 Brethren, we will meet together
On the mount of God above:

Then our rapturous hosannas
Shall be full of Jesus' love!
Saviour, bring us
Safely to our home above!

AFFLICTION.

HYMN 140. C. M.

Prayer for the Afflicted.

MY dearest Lord, in love appear,
And banish every guilty fear;
Increase my faith, confirm my hope,
And lift my drooping spirit up.

2 Should all forsake, my God is kind!
Make me to all thy will resign'd!
Disease my outward frame decays;
Thy promise can my comforts raise.

3 My earthly house is breaking down;
O bear me to thy blissful throne,
To view the Lamb who once was slain,
My life, my portion, and my gain.

4 In heav'n I shall his praises sing,
And triumph in my glorious King;
His matchless beauties there behold,
And tune his love on harps of gold.

5 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard
What God hath for his saints prepar'd;
There sin and sorrow never come!
I long for this eternal home.

HYMN 141. P. M.

Death-bed Reflections.

HEARKEN, ye sprightly, and attend ye vain ones!
Pause in your mirth—adversity consider!
Learn from a friend's pen, sentimental, painful,
Sick-bed reflections!

2 Healthful and gay, like you, I spent my moments;
Fondly my heart said, joy should last forever;
But had forgotten man has no enjoyment
But by permission.

3 Sudden and awful, from the height of pleasure,
By pain and sickness thrown upon this down bed,
Vain is its softness to assuage the pain
Of raging disorder.

4 The best attention of my friends, most humane,
And the profound skill of a kind physician;
All skill is baffled, while distressing anguish
Tortures my whole frame.

5 Vain are my groanings, all complaints are
fruitless;
Changing my place cannot abate my fever;
Here, like a reptile on a bed of embers,
Turning, I languish.

6 Hopes of recovering my fond heart indulged,
Till my physician, to my great amazement,
Kindly informed me that my case was des-
perate,
Death fast approaching.

7 Wonders on wonders to my view now open;
Life is receding, to the grave I'm hast'ning!
Am I prepar'd?—this dread moment must I
Meet my Creator?

8 Twenty-five years I've spent without consid'-
ring
Man is but mortal, depending on a moment,
Life but a shadow, time a flying arrow,
Quick to dispel it.

9 Oft have I listen'd, while death-bells were
tolling,
Seen the graves open, and spectators mourn-
ing,
Yet, for myself, in spite of all these warnings,
Long life expected.

10 Counsels I've slighted, warnings I've neg-
lected,

In my gay moments thoughts of death I've
banish'd,—
When grown gray-headed, I have oft resolved
For death to prepare.

11 Tortur'd in body, not one limb escapes it:
No sweet composure to direct one prayer;
All is disorder, yet my fate eternal
Now is depending.

12 Oh ghastly Death! pray stop one single
moment,
While I give warning to my gay companions.
No time is granted for expostulation!
Shun my example!

DEATH.

HYMN 142. P. M. 10, 6, 10, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6.

All is Well.

WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon
my frame?
Is it death? Is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this vital
flame!
Is it death? Is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From ev'ry pain and sorrow free!

I shall the King of Glory see!
All is well, all is well!

2 Weep not for me, my friends, weep not for me:
All is well, all is well!
My sins are pardon'd—pardon'd, I am free!
All is well, all is well!
There's not a cloud that doth arise
To hide my Saviour from my eyes:
I soon shall mount the upper skies!
All is well, all is well!

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory!
All is well, all is well!
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story!
All is well, all is well!
Bright angels are from glory come!
They're round my bed, they're in my room;
They wait to waft my spirit home!
All is well, all is well!

4 Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me;
All is well, all is well!
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory!
All is well, all is well!
Farewell, my friends,—adieu, adieu!
I can no longer stay with you;
My glitt'ring crown appears in view!
All is well, all is well!

5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail, ye blood-wash throng,
Sav'd by grace, sav'd by grace!
I come to join, to join your rapt'rous song
Sav'd by grace, sav'd by grace!
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heav'n and glory now are mine!
All hallelujahs to the Lamb!
All is well, all is well!

HYMN 143. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

Reflections on Dying.

WHEN life, as op'ning buds, is sweet,
With bloom that seems undying,
And golden hopes the fancy greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet,
Alas! how hard is dying.

2 When just is seized some valued prize,
When fortune seems complying,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
How awful then is dying.

3 When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And worldly hope is flying,
And friend from friend is snatch'd forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,
How easy then is dying.

4 When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And Age for Death is sighing,
And films, slow gath'ring, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,
Sweet Nature's boon is dying.

5 When faith is firm, and conscience clear,
To Jesus' voice complying,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And vision'd glories half appear,
There's triumph then in dying.

HYMN 144. P. M. 7's. Double.

Angels and Spirit.

ANGELS, tell me whence you came?
Why thus hover o'er my bed?
Spirit, leave this mortal frame:
Peace shall crown thy weary head.
Angels, who hath sent you here?
Who did of my sickness know?
Sister Spirit, do not fear,
We Jehovah's love will show.

2 Angels, tell me whence you came?
Sweet your words fall on my ear:
Spirit, Jesus' love proclaim,
Thy deliverance is near;
Angels, when this life is past,
Will the Lord accept my soul?

Spirit, on thy Saviour cast
All thy care to his control.

3 Angels, tell me whence ye came;
Swiftly fades the world away!
Spirit, wing'd by Mercy's claim,
We have left the realms of day:
Angels, whence such light and love,
Whence does such sweet music come?
Spirit, 'tis from realms above!
Ransom'd Spirit! welcome home!

HYMN 145. 11's & 8's.

I CAME to the spot where the white pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood by his tomb;
When in a low whisper I heard something say
How sweetly I sleep here alone!

2 The tempest may howl, and the loud thunder roll,
And gathering storms may arise;
Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from these eyes.

3 The cause of my Master compelled me from home,
I bade my companion farewell;
I left my sweet children, who for me now mourn,
In far distant regions to dwell.

4 I wandered an exile and stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad;
The trump of the gospel endeavored to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

5 But when among strangers, and far from my home,
No kindred or relative nigh,
I met the contagion and sank in the tomb,
My spirit to mansions on high.

6 Go tell my companion, and children most dear,
To weep not for Joseph, though gone;
The same hand that led me through scenes dark and drear,
Has kindly assisted me home.

7 I called at the house of the mourner below,
I entered the mansion of grief;
The tears of deep sorrow most freely did flow,
I tried, but could give no relief.

8 There sat a lone widow, dejected and sad,
By affliction and sorrow oppressed;
And here were her children in mourning array'd,
And sighs were escaping each breast.

9 I spoke to the widow concerning her grief;
I asked her the cause of her wo;

And why there was nothing to give her relief,
Or soothe her deep sorrow below?

10 She looked at her children, then looked upon me;
That look I can never forget:
More eloquent far than a seraph can be,
It spoke of the trials she met.

11 The hand of affliction falls heavily now,
I am left with my children to mourn;
The friend of my youth is silent and low,
In yonder cold grave-yard alone.

12 But why should I mourn or feel to complain
Or think that my fortune is hard?
Have I met with affliction? 'tis truly his gain
He enters the joy of his Lord.

13 His work is completed and finished below,
His last tear is fallen, I trust;
He has preached his last sermon, and met his last foe,
Has conquered, and now is at rest.

FUNERAL.

HYMN 146. P. M. 7's.

CLAY to clay, and dust to dust;
Let them mingle, for they must;
Give to earth the earthly clod,
For the spirit's fled to God!

2 Dust to dust, and clay to clay;
Ashes now with ashes lay;
Earthly mould to earth be giv'n,
For the saint is blest in heav'n!

3 Deep the pit, and cold the bed
Where the spoils of death are laid;
Dark the chamber, chill the gloom
Of man's melancholy tomb.

4 Look aloft! the spirit's ris'n!
Death cannot that soul impris'n!
'Tis in heav'n such spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible!

HYMN 147. 12's & 11's.

THOU art gone to the grave. but we will not deplore thee;
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,

The Saviour has passed through its portals
before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro'
the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer be-
hold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by
thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to en-
fold thee,
And sinners may hope since the Saviour
hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansions
forsaken,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered
long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on
thy waking,
And the song that thou heard'st was the
Seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 't were wrong
to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian
and guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will
restore thee,
Where death hath no sting since the Sav
iour hath died.

HYMN 148.

"*Shed not a Tear.*"

SHED not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone—when I am gone:
Smile when the slow-tolling bell you shall hear,
When I am gone—I am gone:
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave;
Think who has died his beloved to save;
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have,
When I am gone—I am gone.

Plant ye a tree which may wave over me,
When I am gone—when I am gone:
Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see,
When I am gone—I am gone:
Come at the close of a bright summer's day;
Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray;
Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,
When I am gone—I am gone.

Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed,
When I am gone—when I am gone:
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead,
When I am gone—I am gone:
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care

Serve ye the Lord that my bliss ye may share
Look up on high and believe I am there,
When I am gone—I am gone.

HYMN 149. P. M.

The Land of Rest.

BROTHER, thou art gone to rest;
We will not weep for thee,
For thou art now where oft, on earth,
Thy spirit longed to be.

2 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thine is an early tomb;
But Jesus summoned thee away,
Thy Saviour called thee home.

3 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thy toils and cares are o'er;
And sorrow, pain and suffering now,
Shall ne'er distress thee more.

4 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thy sins are all forgiven;
And saints in light have welcomed thee,
To share the joys of heaven.

5 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
And this shall be our prayer—
That when we reach our journey's end,
Thy glory we may share.

HYMN 150. C. M.

THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thy image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive thy smiling grace.

3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love:
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will."

HYMN 151. S. M.

REST from thy labor, rest;
Soul of the just, set free!
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be!

2 Faith, perseverance, zeal,
Language of light and power,
Love,—prompt to act, and quick to feel,
Marked thee, till life's last hour.

3 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place:
But go—as each hath gone before—
A sinner saved by grace.

4 Lord Jesus! to thy hands
Our pastor we resign;
And now we wait thine own commands,
We were not his, but thine.

5 Thou art thy Church's head;
And when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead:—
To thee we lift our eye.

6 On thee our hopes depend;
We gather round our Rock;
Send whom thou wilt, but condescend
Thyself to feed the flock.

HYMN 152. S. M.

"SERVANT of God! well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought,—the victory won,—
Enter thy Master's joy."

2 The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;

A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell—but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 The pains of death are past,—
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ! well done!
Prais'd be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy!

JUDGMENT.

HYMN 153. P. M. 11, 12, 12, 12.

Last Trumpet and Judgment Scene.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo, self-moving, it drives on the pathway of cloud,
And the heav'ns with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

2 The glory! the glory around him is pour'd!
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord,
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard!
Lo! the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirr'd;
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word!

5 Oh mercy! oh mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath, to their darkness, the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heav'n!

HYMN 154. P. M.

OH, there will be mourning,
Mourning, mourning, mourning—
Oh, there will be mourning
At the judgment seat of Christ!
Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Will part to meet no more!

2 Oh! there will be mourning, &c.
Parents and children there will part, &c.

3 Oh! there will be mourning, &c.
Brothers and sisters there will part, &c

4 Oh! there will be mourning, &c.
Pastors and people there will part, &c.

5 Oh! there will be mourning, &c.
Saints and sinners there will part, &c.

6 Oh! there will be shouting, &c.
Saints and devils there will part, &c.

7 Oh! there will be shouting, &c.
Saints and angels there will meet, &c.

HYMN 155. C. M.

BY faith we find the place above.
The Rock that rent in twain:
Beneath the shade of dying love,
And in the cleft remain.

2 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee,
We sink into thy side;
Assur'd that all who trust in thee,
Shall evermore abide.

3 Then let the thund'ring trumpet sound;
The latest lightnings glare;
The mountains melt; the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air.

4 The huge celestial bodies roll,
Amidst the general fire,
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
And all in smoke expire!

5 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
When nature is destroy'd;
And no created thing remains,
Throughout the flaming void

6 Sublime upon his azure throne,
He speaks th' almighty word
His *fiat* is obey'd! 'tis done,
And paradise restor'd.

7 So be it; let this system end.
This ruinous earth and skies
The New Jerusalem descend!
The new Creation rise!

8 Thy pow'r omnipotent assume.
Thy brightest majesty!

And when thou dost in glory come,
My Lord, remember me!

HYMN 156. L. M.

ETERNITY is just at hand!—
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 But an eternity there is
Of endless wo, or endless bliss;
And swift as Time fulfills his round,
We to eternity are bound.

3 What countless millions of mankind
Have left the fleeting world behind!
They're gone! but where?—ah, pause and see,
Gone to a long eternity!

4 Sinner! canst thou forever dwell
In all the fiery deeps of hell?
And is death nothing then to thee—
Death, and a dread eternity?

HYMN 157. L. M.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear:

2 Our caution'd souls prepare,
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

3 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When rob'd in majesty and pow'r
Thou shalt from heav'n come down,—

4 Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race;
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

5 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
Forever let th' archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears,

6 The solemn midnight cry—
"Ye dead, the Judge is come;
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

7 O may we thus be found
Obedient to thy word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!

8 O may we all insure
A lot among the blest!

And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

HEAVEN.

HYMN 158. P. M. 8, 8, 8, 5, 8, 8, 8, 5.

The Ransomed Soul.

A FEW more days on earth to spend,
My toils and cares shall have an end;
Then I shall see my God and friend,
And praise his name on high.
There no more sighs and no more tears,
There no more pains and no more fears,
But God, and Christ, and heaven appears
Unto the ravish'd eye.

2 Then, O my soul, despond no more,
The storm of life will soon be o'er,
And I shall find the peaceful shore
Of everlasting rest!
O happy day! O joyful hour,
When freed from earth, my soul shall tow'r
Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r,
To be forever blest.

3 My soul anticipates the day;
I'd joyfully the voice obey,
Which calls my soul to soar away
To seats prepar'd above.
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in his belov'd embrace,
And taste the fullness of his grace,
And sing redeeming love.

4 Though dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's dark billows roll before,
Yet still by faith I see the shore
Beyond the rolling flood!
The heav'nly Canaan, sweet and fair,
Before my ravish'd eyes appear,
Which makes me think I'm almost there,
In yonder bright abode.

5 To earthly cares I'd say, "Farewell,"
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise th' Eternal Three.
I'll join with them who 've gone before,
Who sing and shout, their suff'rings o'er,
Where pain and parting are no more,
To all eternity.

6 Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,
And all this region here below,
Where nought but disappointments grow.
A beter world's in view.
My Saviour calls, I haste away,

I would not here forever stay:
Hail, ye bright realms of endless day,
Vain world, once more adieu!

HYMN 159. P. M. 8, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8, 8.

The Land of Glory.

THE land, the land of glory lies
Beyond old Jordan's stream;
A region in the skies,
Where fields are always green!
Oh happy place of sweet repose,
Where pain and death no entrance knows,
And life's fair tree forever grows!

2 There saints, there saints and angels drink,
And plunge in seas of love;
No bliss of which they think
Shall be withheld above!
For all the blessings of the throne
Do freely flow to ev'ry one,
Secur'd to them through Christ alone!

3 Soon shall, soon shall our toil be o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain;
We'll meet upon that shore,
And never part again;
And sing the song, "Redeeming Love,"
While we stand round the throne above,
And all the joys of heaven prove!

HYMN 160. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

Vanities of Earth, and Glories of Heaven.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow!
There's nothing TRUE but heaven.

2 Poor wand'rers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light us on the way!
There's nothing CALM but heaven.

3 And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues at even;
And Genius' bud, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb!
There's nothing BRIGHT but heaven.

4 And where's the hand held out to cheer
The heart with anguish riven?
For Sorrow's sigh, and Trouble's tear
Have never found a refuge here!
There's nothing KIND but heaven.

5 In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,
Without their sins forgiven;
True pleasure, everlasting peace,
Are only found in God's free grace;
There's nothing GOOD but heaven.

6 From such as walk in wisdom's road,
Corroding fears are driven;
They 're wash'd in Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoy communion with their God,
And find their way to heaven.

HYMN 161. 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 6, 6, 5.

"*When shall we Meet Again?*"

WHEN shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never, no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never, no, never.

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour·
May we all there unite,
Happy forever:

Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel;
Never, no, never.

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her chain,
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close,
Never, no, never.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

HYMN 162. L. M.

Sung in opening Sabbath School.

SWEET Sabbath day! we hail with joy
Thy holy light, thy blest employ;
And come, a little favor'd band,
One sacred hour with Christ to spend.

2 Our infant hearts would humbly pray
That he will bless our school to-day,

To join our joyful notes of praise,
With one united voice we raise.

3 An off'ring to our Heav'nly King
Of glad hosannas, now we bring;
And hope at last, in his embrace,
Secure from sin, to find a place.

4 O, it shall be our constant pray'r,
That we may here his blessings share;
Then go and live at Christ's right hand,
A ransom'd, favor'd, happy band.

HYMN 163. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8. 7.

TEACHERS.

COME, ye children, and adore him;
Lord of all, he reigns above:
Come and worship now before him,
He hath call'd you by his love;
He will grant you ev'ry blessing
Of his all-abounding grace;
Come, with humble hearts, expressing
All your gratitude and praise.

CHILDREN.

2 On this holy day of gladness,
We will join in praises meet;
Ev'ry bosom free from sadness,
All with happiness replete.

Oh to feel the love of Jesus;
Oh to know that from above,
Still our Heav'nly Father sees us,
With an eye of tender love.

TEACHERS.

3 Dearest children, now adore him,
Swell aloud the joyful strain;
While the nations bow before him,
Echo back the notes again.
While he will accept the praises,
E'en from ev'ry heart and tongue
Those to him a child upraises,
Still are sweetest of the throng.

CHILDREN.

4 Lord of all, our heart's oblation
Now ascends to thee alone:
We would come with gratulations,
Now to worship at thy throne.
Teachers! will you join the chorus?
Join in hymning forth his praise,
Who for our redemption shows us
All the riches of his grace?

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

5 Praise to thee, O Lord, forever!
Gladly now we all unite;
Praise to thee, O God, the giver,
Blessed Lord, of life and light!

Ransom'd Christians, spread the story!
Rescued people, ne'er give o'er!
All his grace, and all his glory,
Oh proclaim forevermore.

HYMN 164. L. M.

ON this delightful, hallow'd day,
Saviour, what off'ring shall we bring?
Wilt thou not hear our infant lay,
Who art our Saviour and our King?

2 Unnumber'd children sing thy name,
Forever round thy gracious throne!
And is not our employ the same?
Wilt thou not deign our song to own?

3 Thou wilt, for thou art full of grace;
And thou hast said, our love to gain,
That those who early seek thy face,
Shall never seek thy face in vain.

4 Above all value we would prize
The holy volume thou hast giv'n;
Oh make us by its doctrines wise,
And guide us by its light to heav'n.

5 When thou, the Judge of human kind,
Shall come, oh save us then, we pray;
And may our friends and teachers find
Thy saving mercy on that day!

HYMN 165. C. M.

Teacher's Hymn.

FATHER! with one accord we stand,
And bring thee of thine own,
And train a bright, immortal band,
To worship round thy throne.

2 Accept, Almighty Parent, these,
The children thou hast giv'n,
And in thy sov'reign favor make
These lov'd ones heirs of heav'n.

3 There, rank'd among the shining host,
May all before thee meet:
Oh Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our labors there complete.

HYMN 166. C. M.

The Sabbath-School Boy.

THE clock has struck, I cannot stay;
Oh let me rise and haste away;
I'll quit my bed, and leave my home,
The hour of school at length is come.

2 I would be there when prayer begins,
To seek the pardon of my sins;
I'll ask the favor of the Lord,
And pray to understand his word.

3 Oh shall my teachers wait in vain,
While my neglect must give them pain?

No, rather let me strive to be
First of their little family.

4 These Sabbath-days will soon be o'er,
And I shall go to school no more;
I would not, then, endure the pain
Of having spent my time in vain.

HYMN 167.

Filial Affection.

BE kind to thy father, for when thou wast young,
Who lov'd thee so fondly as he? [tongue,
He caught the first accents that fell from thy
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with grey;
His footsteps are feeble—once fearless and bold:
Thy father is passing away.

2 Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen; [now,
O, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her
For loving and kind she hath been.
Remember thy mother—for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

MISSIONARY.

HYMN 168. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Missionary Hymn.

YES, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes, I love them well—
Friends, connections, happy country;
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely;
Joys no stranger heart can tell!
Happy home! indeed I love thee!
Can I—can I say—*Farewell?*
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well!

Far away, ye billows, bear me,
Lovely, native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds the canvas swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, FAREWELL—FAREWELL!

HYMN 169. P. M. 7's & 6's.

HOLY God, and hast thou sent
Me here to preach to-day?
O baptize my soul with fire,
And point me out the way:
When I draw the gospel bow,
Jesus, let thine arrows fly!
May each sinner feel this day,
That thou for him did'st die!

2 Lord, we have assembled here,
To hear what thou wouldst say;

Some come from the east and west,
Yea, north and south, to pray.
If I am sent to preach thy word,
Holy God! display thy power!
And may we have a pentecost,
A sweet refreshing shower.

3 Sinners, Lord, are trembling now
The tears are trickling down;
Keen conviction decks their brow
While they behold thy frown!
O for justifying grace!
O for thy converting power!
Lord, we beg, for Jesus' sake,
A sweet refreshing shower.

4 Here's backsliding Peters, too,
That left the narrow way!
O my Lord, shall they be damned
Shall they be devils' prey?
If there's mercy for their souls,
O now reach them by thy power!
Lord, we beg, for Jesus' sake,
A sweet refreshing shower.

5 Here are some, though justified,
That feel their inbred sin,
And they long to see the day
When they shall be made clean.
O for sanctifying grace;
O for purifying power!
Lord, we beg, for Jesus' sake,
A sweet refreshing shower.

6 Lord of heaven and earth, descend
And feed thy lambs to-day;
Help us in thy name to preach,
To hear, to sing, and pray.
O for streams of grace and love,
O for floods of life and power!
Lord, we beg, for Jesus' sake,
A sweet refreshing shower.

HYMN 170.

The Sinner Invited.

DO you remember the look that I gave,
Long, long ago—long, long ago?
When there was none that could pity or save,
Long, long ago—long ago!
Then you were wretched, and ruined, and bound,
Chains of destruction encompassed you round;
You sought a Saviour, but none could be found,
Long, long ago—long ago.

2 Do you remember the tears that I shed,
Long, long ago—long, long ago?
And of the time when I suffer'd and bled,
Long, long ago—long ago?
How I was mock'd and endured disdain,
And hang'd on the cross upon Calv'ry's plain,
And died to save you from torture and pain,
Long, long ago—long ago?

3 Will you not love, for the love I have shown,
Long, long ago—long, long ago?
Have I not sought for to make you mine own,
Long, long ago—long ago?
All the day long have I call'd you to come;
Yet you are heedless and blind, deaf and dumb
While I 've prepared you a mansion, a home,
Long, long ago—long ago.

4 "Must I forsake you and let you go on?"
No, Saviour, no—no, Saviour, no;
"Until your day of salvation is gone?"
No, Saviour, no—Saviour, no.
"Will you in sin and rebellion remain?
Will you pursue the broad road down to pain?
Are you determin'd hell's torments to gain?"
No, Saviour, no—Saviour, no.

5 "Will you repent and believe what I say?"
Yes, Saviour, yes—yes, Saviour, yes;
"And will you come while it 's called to-day?"
Yes, Saviour, yes—Saviour, yes.
"Will you no longer against me rebel?
Cease to do evil, and learn to do well,
Then you shall soon of my happiness tell;"
Yes, Saviour, yes—Saviour, yes.

6 Jesus, I love thee; my soul hath found rest,
Praise, praise the Lord—praise, praise the Lord!
Joy inexpressible now fills my breast,
Praise, praise the Lord—praise the Lord!

Now I remember the look thou didst give;
Th' tears thou didst shed, that a sinner might live;
Th' love that inclin'd thee thy glory to leave:
Praise, praise the Lord—praise the Lord!

HYMN 171. P. M.

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales! and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's dark shade, no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler!
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be,
Though far from us who love them—
Still let them be with thee!

HYMN 172. 7's & 6's.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

TEMPERANCE.

HYMN 173.

The Dying Child's Appeal to her Drunken Father.

STAY, father, stay! the night is wild,
O! leave not now your dying child:
I feel the icy hand of death,
And shorter, shorter grows my breath.

2 Stay, father, stay! ere morning light
My soul may take its upward flight;
And O! I cannot, cannot die,
While thou, my father, art not by.

3 Stay, father, stay! my mother's gone,
And you and I are left alone;
And in her star-lit home on high,
She'll weep that I, alone, should die.

4 Stay, father, stay! O, leave this night
The maddening bowl, whose with'ring blight
Has cast so dark a shade around
The home where joy alone was found.

5 Stay, father, stay! alone, alone,
With none to cheer, and none to mourn;

I cannot leave this world of wo,
And to the land of spirits go.

6 Stay, father, stay! once more I ask,
O, count it not a heavy task,
To stay with me till life shall end—
My last, my only earthly friend.

HYMN 174.

GO! go! thou that enslav'st me,
Now, now thy power is o'er:
Long, long have I obeyed thee,
Now I 'll not drink any more.
No, no, oh no, now I 'll not drink any more

2 Thou! thou! bringest me ever,
Deep, deep sorrow and pain;
Now, now from thee I 'll sever,
Now I 'll not serve thee again.
No, no, oh no, now I 'll not serve thee again.

3 Rum! rum! thou hast bereft me
Of home, friends, pleasure so sweet;
Now, now, forever I 've left thee,
Thou and I never shall meet.
No, no, oh no, thou and I never shall meet.

4 Joys! joys! bright as the morning,
Now, now upon me will pour;
Hope, hope sweetly is dawning,
Now I 'll not drink any more.
No, no, oh no, now I 'll not drink any more

CHORUSES.

1. But Jesus, Jesus is my friend,
Oh, hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Jesus, Jesus is my friend.

2. *Chorus to* 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, *Hymn.*

Hallelujah, hallelujah!
We are now on our journey home;
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Jesus smiles and bids us come.

3. *Choruses for P. M. Hymn.*

Now let me die like old Simeon,
Let me die like old Simeon,
Let me die like old Simeon,
With Christ in my arms.

4. To see the saints in glory,
And the angels stand rejoicing,
And the angels stand rejoicing,
To welcome trav'lers home!

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